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Adam

VOL. 10 NO. 8

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AADC

ADULT READING

**HOLLYWOOD'S
ALL WET!**

**THE BROADS
THAT MADE
MILWAUKEE
FAMOUS**

**fiction bonus: stories
by JOHN STEINBECK,
HARLAN ELLISON,
ROBERT EDMOND ALTER,
RAYMOND FRIDAY LOCKE
and D. G. LLOYD!**

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Vicky Kennedy, our favorite English model is back in ADAM. See page 32!

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Another episode in the hilarious lives of those con-men of ancient Rome

SATYRICON

Continuing the memoirs of Petronius as translated and reconstructed by **PAUL J. GILLETTE**

The Escape and Meeting with Eumolpus PART VII

HE SLIPPED OUT OF the dining room without being spotted and proceeded in a single file to the portico, with Ascyrtos in the lead, followed by Gito and then by me. There was no trouble until we came to the last gate. There, however, a large dog bolted upon us so furiously that Ascyrtos was knocked into a fishpond. Gito, frightened, fell in with him, and when I endeavored to take hold of them and pull them out, I fell in myself.

The water in the pond was ice-cold and most peculiar—it was thicker than ordinary water, as if flour had been mixed in with it, and our bodies seemed to have no buoyancy. Unable to swim, we grasped at the edges of the pond for support, but they gave way when we touched them.

It took great effort to keep my head aloft and to breathe. I felt myself sinking more deeply into the thick water, and soon I was in as far as my chin. Ascyrtos and Gito were faring likewise.

Certain that we would drown unless someone came to our rescue, we shouted desperately and pleaded for help. Presently, a porter came by and walked calmly toward the edge of the pond.

"What is the trouble, gentlemen?" he asked, seeming quite unconcerned.

"Save us!" I shouted. "We are drowning."

"And whose fault is that?" he replied. "You certainly can't blame me."

"Come now, man," said Ascyrtos. "We aren't blaming you. We are only asking your help."

"And why should I help you? I didn't push you in the pond, so why should I fish you out?"

"Please," wailed Gito. "Have a little compassion."

The porter thereupon tossed a rope, which we all grabbed, and he hoisted us halfway out of the water.

"What are you doing out here, anyway?" he asked us. "The party is inside."

"In the name of everything that's good, man, pull us out," shouted Ascyrtos. "We're freezing here."

"I assure you that it couldn't matter less to me, gentlemen. Now, if you wish my help, you'll answer my questions. Remember, it is I who am holding the rope. I can let it go whenever I please and you're helpless to do anything about it."

I thought it might help our cause to call to the porter's attention the fact that his master, Trimalchio, was inside dying.

"Surely," I said, "you'll want to see your master before he's dead. Hurry, then, and pull us out, so you can run in and join the other mourners."

The porter smiled and spoke in the patient manner of a mentor describing a matter of the utmost simplicity to a sluggish student.

"Trimalchio dies at every banquet, my friends," he said. "It is part of the evening's entertainment. I've seen the death scene a thousand times. I don't mind missing it."

"Have mercy on us, then," said Ascyrtos. "We would do likewise for you."

"Would you?" asked the porter. "Tell me, now: Suppose I were drowning in the pond and you were on the shore taking your pleasures with the man or woman of your choice. Would you interrupt your lovemaking long enough to rescue me?"

"Of course," said Ascyrtos.

"You lie," replied the porter. And, with that, he let the rope go. We sunk into the water again, and the porter did not grab the rope again until we were back in as far as our necks.

"Now," he said, smiling menacingly, "answer my questions or I'll let you go and you *will* drown."

"Very well," said I. "Anything you like."

"What are you doing out here?"

"We were attempting to leave the party," I said.

He smiled, apparently satisfied, and immediately pulled us out of the water. Shivering with the cold, we huddled together and looked at him fearfully.

"You see, gentlemen," he continued, "I only ask that you be honest with me."

We nodded our willingness to be completely honest.

"Now, then," he went on, "why did you want to leave the party?"

"We were unhappy there," said Ascyrtos. "We were not enjoying ourselves."

He smiled again, and nodded approvingly.

"You are honest men, and I am happy to see it. Now I'll release you and you can go back in with the rest of the guests."

"But, we do not wish to go back in," said Ascyrtos. "We wish to leave. Won't you please show us the gate we came in by?"

He shook his head back and forth sadly.

"I am sorry, my friend," he said, "but you are mistaken if you think you can go out the same way you came in. That's against the rules."

"Then how does anyone leave here?" I asked.

"No guest ever did," he replied.

"Come now," said Ascyrtos, "you don't mean to tell us that every guest who ever set foot in Trimalchio's house was doomed to spend the rest of his life there?"

The porter smiled sadly.

"I don't mean to tell you anything," he said. "This is the way life is, gentlemen: You can't tell anyone anything because he won't believe you anyway."

Ascyrtos looked at me and frowned.

"The man's a loon," he said. "We'll never get any help from him. Let's see if we can't find another exit."

Thereupon, still shivering, we walked away from the porter and began searching for another gate. When we finally found one, there was on guard there, another porter, this one much larger than the first.

"Don't bother asking me to let you out," he said, as if he had read our minds. "It is against the rules."

"Sire," said Gito, "please listen to our plight. We were invited here by a friend, Agamemnon. We had no idea that

—turn to page 36

The fine name of the family was at stake so he brought the skeleton out of the closet to save it

■ NEVER DID TELL my wife about Cousin Turl. You couldn't expect a narrow minded person like her to understand. It would just give her further cause to insult the Tope family, the way she was forevermore doing about our ancestral mansion.

"Mansion!" she would cry, and a red gleam would start to glow in her pupils. "You can still call this rat-haunted barn a *mansion*? Ha! Well—I suppose I had it coming. I should have known better than to trust the word of a so-called Southern gentleman from one of the, *pardon me*, aristocratic Virginia families. But to listen to the way *you* described it when you asked for my hand! Oh my, that was something else. You actually had me believing in a fine old pre-Civil War mansion with a magnolia drive and formal gardens and a Greco-portico. And look! Just look, please!"

At times like this I would sink deeper into my grandfather's old horsehair chair and try to barricade myself from my wife's wrath by hiding behind the evening paper. But she would snatch it out of my hands and throw it on the floor.

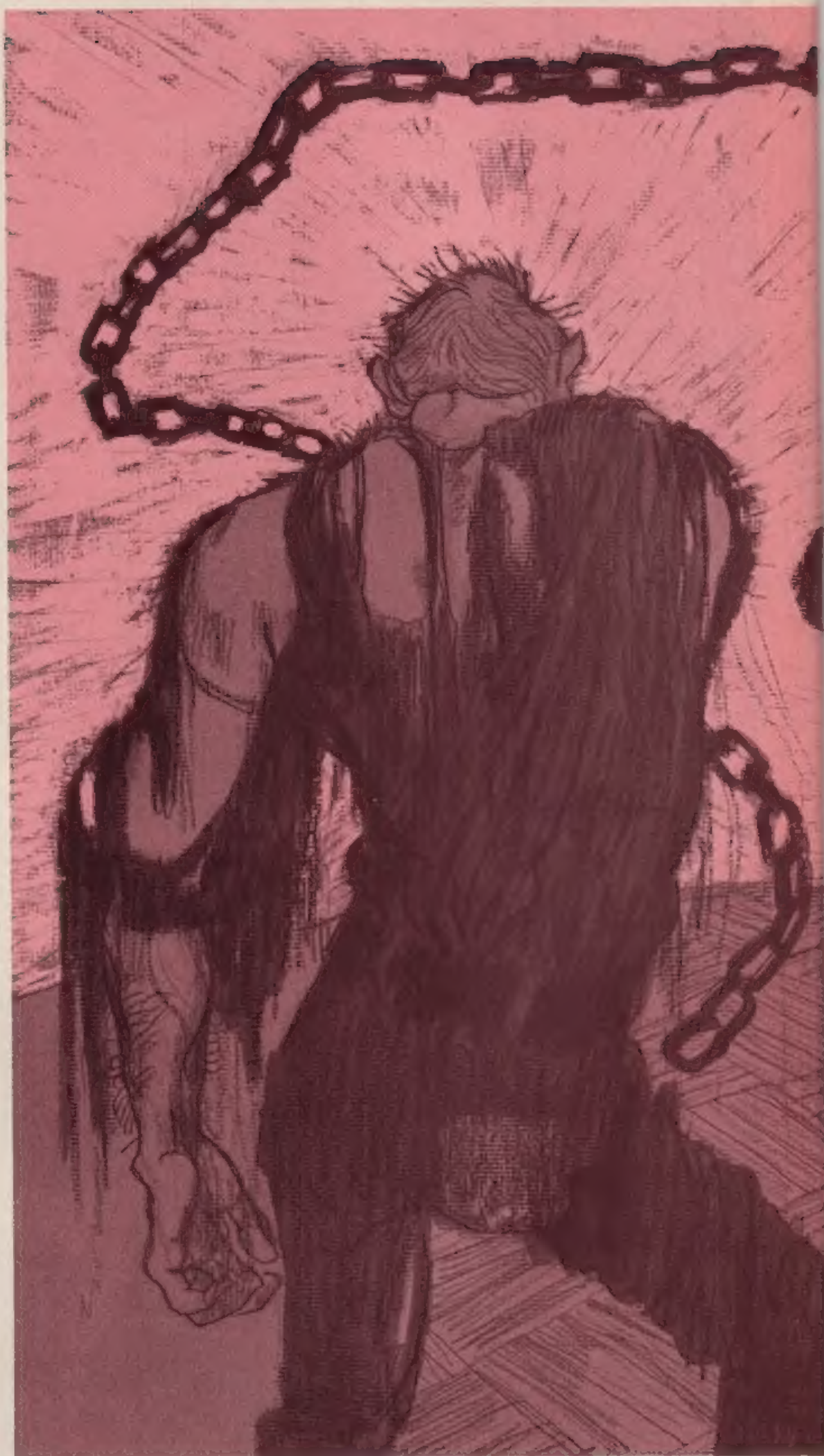
"At least have the courtesy to look at me when I'm talking to you!"

Then I would make a futile attempt at defending myself—

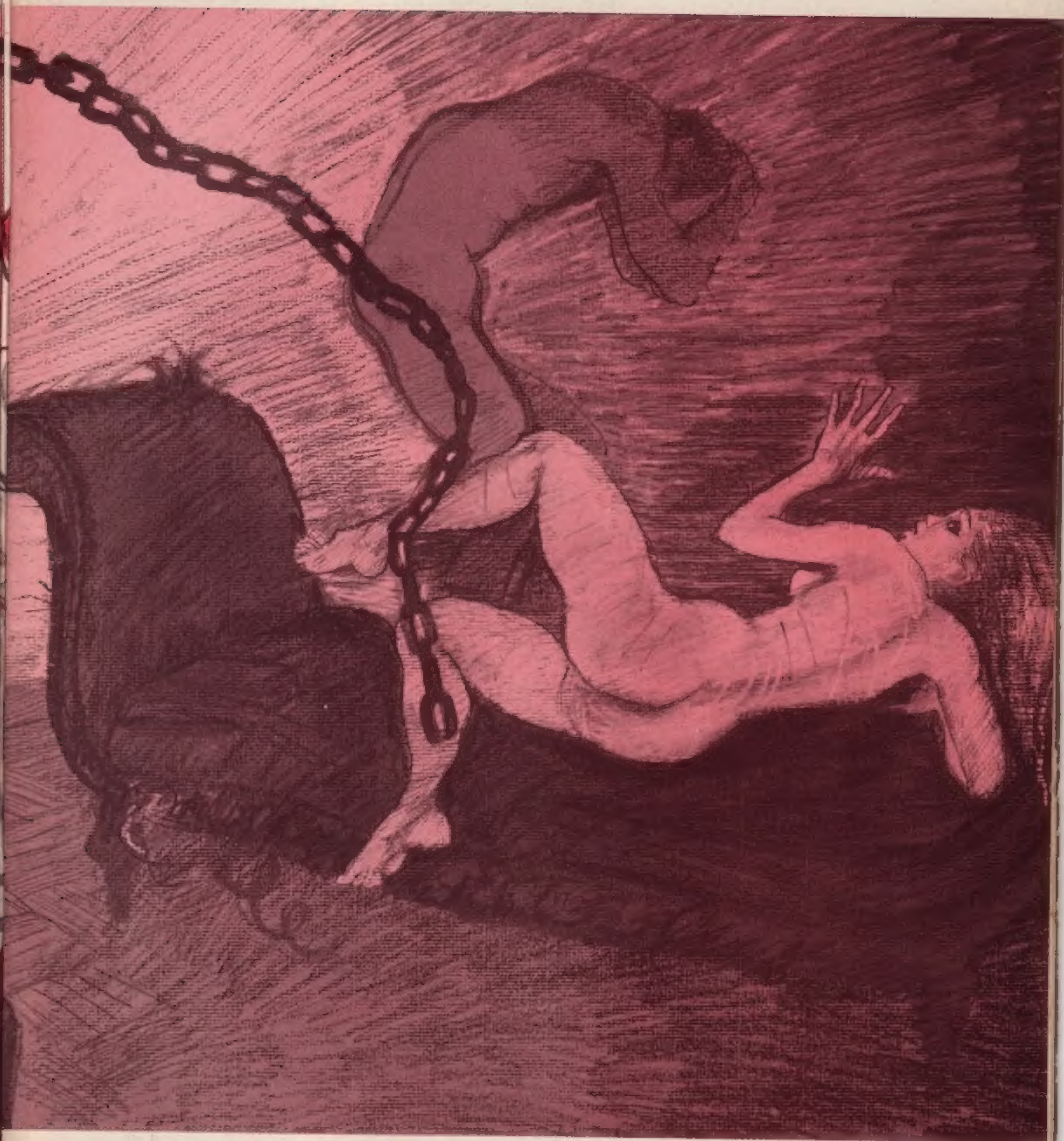
"Well but, dear, there *are* magnolias and formal gardens and a porti—"

"Oh good Lord! Are you serious, dear? Have you poked your little red nose out the front door recently and looked at this ruin? The magnolias are dead! The gardens are weeds! And what you laughingly refer to as

—turn the page



ONE FOR THE



FAMILY

by ROBERT EDMOND ALTER

FAMILY, from page 7

the portico looks like something you'd expect to find in Pompeii!"

And then she would start to pace up and down the room, spewing vindictive cigarette smoke all over my ancestral portraits — whose painted eyes always seemed to be viewing her with marked disapproval. And finally she would start to screech at me like a hoyden.

"Well, all I can say is — you had better get some money into this family, and quick! Or you're going to find yourself without a wife! *Do you hear me?* If you think I'm going to walk around barefooted in this Tobacco Road monstrosity, then you

and Pomp, our colored help. She had sworn me to secrecy when I was nine, and I never did tell anybody. Nobody in my entire life.

"Jeb," Gramma Serena would say to me when I was little. "Have you taken Cousin Turl his dinner yet?"

"No'm, Gramma Serena. I'm going right now." And I'd go into the big steamy kitchen and ask Mammy Jo if Cousin Turl's dinner was ready yet. Mammy Jo always had a wide smile for me.

"You goan feed dat boy agin, Jeb? My my. Purty soon dat wuthless ol' Pomp won't have a thing to do round here, and you doing all his wuk for him."

Turl, it's me, Jeb."

Often as not he would be sitting in the dark because his lantern had gone out and he didn't know how to relight it. But it never bothered him any because he could see in the dark like a cat. Then, from somewhere in the foxy-smelling darkness of the room, I'd hear his soft, throaty laugh — "Hu hu."

When I got in there with the candle Cousin Turl would likely be sitting on his rumpled cot sticking pins in a mouse or something like that he had recently caught.

"I've brought your dinner, Cousin Turl," I'd say to him, and he would grin and lick his thick lips and hide his mouse or whatever it happened to be under his greasy pillow, and I would hand him his tray with the iron bowl and cup on it.

I always enjoyed watching Cousin Turl eat. We never gave him any knives or forks because we were never quite sure what he might do with them. But he didn't need them anyhow. He would sit there with the tray on his lap and hunch over it making mouth-smacking noises and dig in with both his hands, getting his food all over his face and down his front and on the floor. He loved to eat.

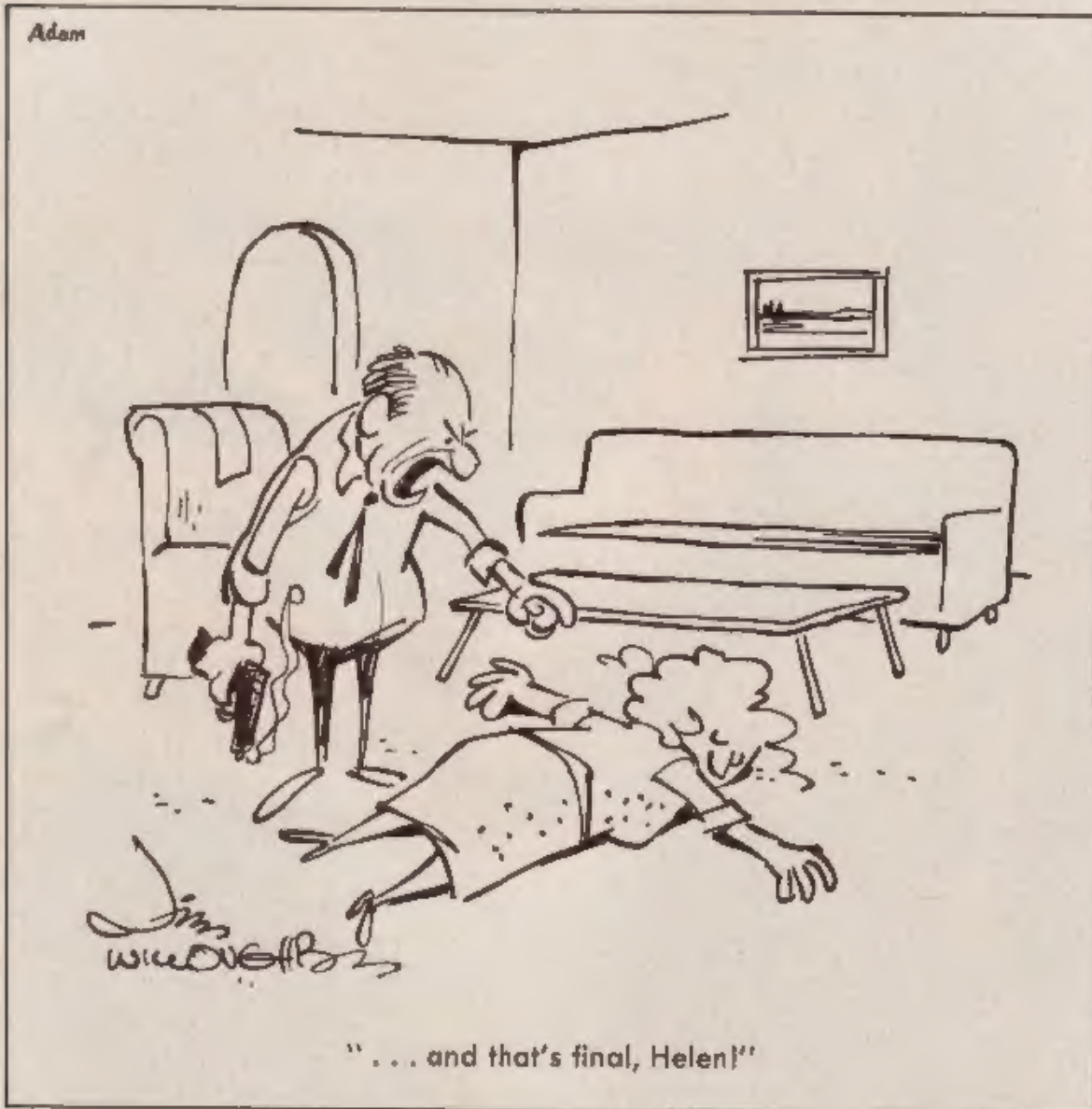
He was only about seventeen at that time, but he was a big overgrown hulk of a boy with burly shoulders and long thick arms and huge clumsy hands that came to his knees. It had been Gramma Serena's idea to keep him in the cellar. That had been after the men had come for Cousin Turl's mother, my Aunt Mayella, when he was only five.

My Aunt Mayella had been a little peculiar, and her husband used to say he couldn't do a thing with her. She would get out at night by climbing through the house windows; and even out of the coachhouse windows, when he would lock her in there. She was a great climber.

But the trouble was she would scare people in the dark — the neighbors or anybody who happened to be passing by. And then there was that unfortunate thing that happened to poor Mr. Randall the night my aunt got out with Pomp's straight-edged razor. Right after that those men came and took her away.

From what Mammy Jo told me, Gramma Serena was furious. She said it was enough of a disgrace to have her daughter in an institution, and that if she just sat by and let them put her grandchild in one too, then people might begin to suspect that there was something wrong with the Tope family.

Which was nonsensical, of course. Be-
— turn to page 40



"... and that's final, Helen!"

have another think coming! And if you can't get it, then I'll just have to make my own arrangements, dear!"

YOU SEE? SHE simply never could have understood about Cousin Turl. She was a Yankee, for one thing, and they always have such closed minds about things like that. But perhaps I'm prejudiced because even my Gramma Serena used to fret over what people would think if they knew about Cousin Turl.

But I always understood. I liked him. And even when I was only ten Gramma Serena would let me help take care of him. Because she trusted me as one of the Tope family, you see? The way she trusted Mammy Jo

"I like feeding him," I would say. "He's my cousin and my friend."

Then she would give me his dented tray and another smile and the key, and I'd go down the long drafty hallway to the east wing. My great-grandmother had closed up this wing after the War, because her husband had died there from a wound he had received at Cold Harbor. An old wine cellar was under that wing, but nobody except the family knew about it. My wife never did know.

I'd go down the breakneck steps with a candle to see my way, and into the big musty empty cellar and over to the mahogany door where we kept Cousin Turl, and unlock it.

"Cousin Turl?" I'd say. "Cousin



LIFE BEGINS AT MINSKY'S

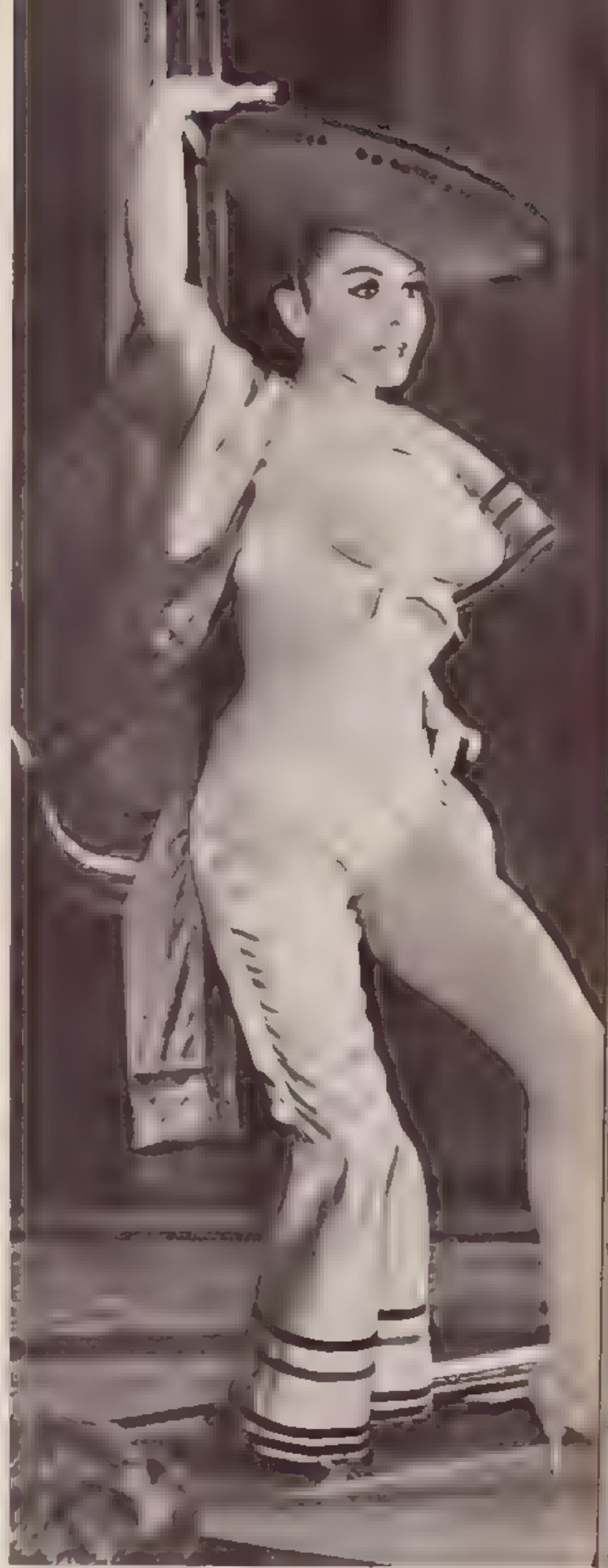
BURLESQUE may be dead some-places but not in Las Vegas where the famous Silver Slipper is packing 'em in with its sensational "Life Begins at Minsky's" revue. The show features tall, beautiful girls in a series of skits—mostly requiring little or no clothing—



and the standup comedians that were the mainstay of burlesque back when Ann Corio was the undisputed queen of the runway. Harold Minsky, the producer of the show, not only is the man who can bring burlesque back to America — if anyone can — but he has made an excellent beginning toward doing just that. "Las Vegas attracts people from all over the country," he says, "and when they come to our show the older ones remember just how much fun burlesque really was. Like one man walked up to me and said one night after sitting through two shows, 'there sure ain't nothing like this on television' . . . and he is so right."



The famous Silver Slipper in Las Vegas is the new home of American burlesque



"... you can't see anything like it on television."



But the Silver Slipper-Minsky review is burlesque with a difference. The mother-in-law and toilet jokes are gone, replaced by take-offs on such modern characters as James Bond. In one skit the world situation gets the needle and even Japanese manufacturers come in for some wry kidding. The Minsky girls are all tall and leggy — and beautiful, just like those handsome showgirls that made grandpa sit up and take notice at the Old Main Street Theatre.

But it isn't all "modernized." There are still baggy pants comedians and the razz-my-tazz of the old burlesque music. All-in-all, the Minsky show is as exciting as anything in Las Vegas. ☼





PRIDE IN THE PROFESSION

by HARLAN ELLISON

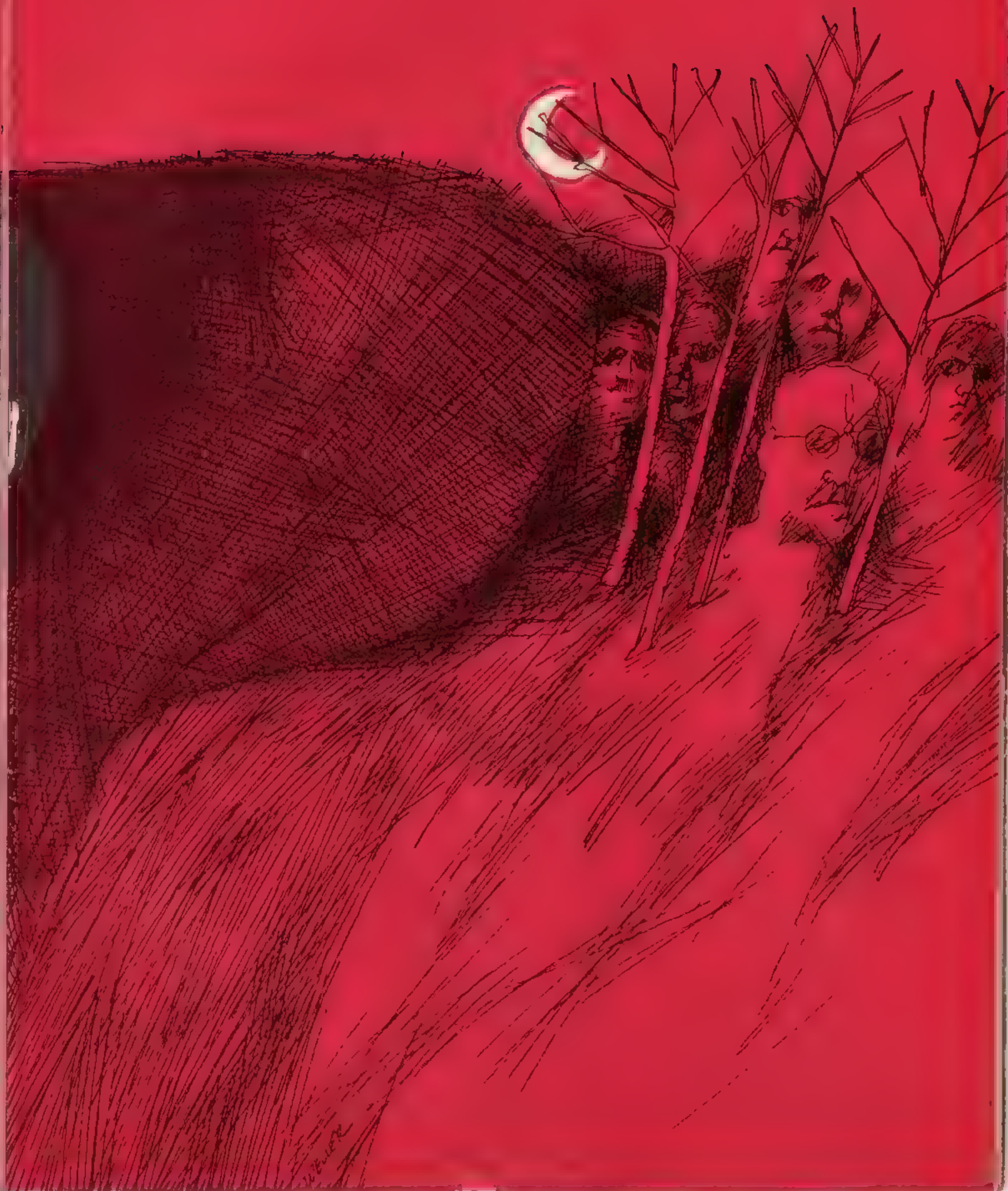
He was a true artist but his first mistake had to be his last . . .

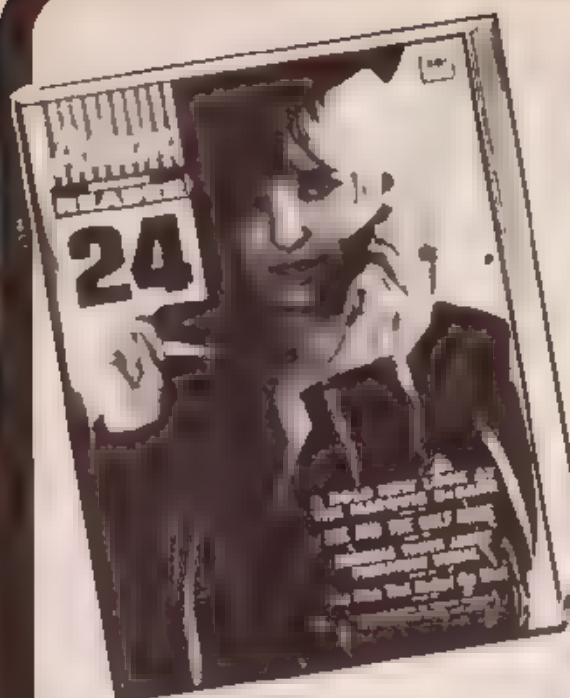
THERE WERE MANY who called the lynching of Eustace Powder a blot on the previously-unblemished reputation of Princetown, but for Matthew Carty, it was the handing-down of a latter-day Ten Commandments.

The alleged crime for which the dusty Negro was swung high is of no consequence at this time; suffice it to say he was innocent, if not in

—turn the page







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PRIDE, from page 15

thought, at least in deed, indeed; but all things pass, and the momentary upheavals that result in the neck-stretching of one unimportant dark man are of no importance in the shadow of later, more electric events

For it was the excitement, the crowd-respect directed at the man who knotted the rope and threw it over the elm's thick branch, that struck eight-year-old Matt Carty with such lasting force. The humid, expectant rustle of the summer day, the pavement warm beneath his bare, dirty feet, the women watching flame-eyed. It was all such a rich experience, he could not put it from him.

There was even an unexpected touch of homespun humor. The black, black man's last request, jocularly offered by one of the local rakehells, was to have a pair of dice, to hold in his hand when they swung him aloft. "Those who live by the bones gonna die by the bones!" replied the last-request-man, and fishing in his own jeans, he came up with a fine cubed set of red plastic dice; as neat a set of see-through galloping dominoes as ever was. And giving them to Eustace Powder, the local happysmith patted the Negro on the cheek. "Roll a natural, boogie," he grinned, and the black man clenched them in his fist tightly as they yanked him aloft

The face of the gap-toothed Eustace Powder, his mouthings of horror and expectation. The gurgle and retching and final gasp as he swung clear of the ground. He seemed to thrash and twitch interminably. It was one of the two high points of Matt Carty's life, even if Powder *did* drop one of them.

In the light of that one incident, his existence was systematically directed, till the day he died, many years later

For Matt Carty *liked* the idea of being a hangman

There was a certain pride a man could take in such a profession. So he took pride, and he took the profession. It suited him, and he suited it. A wedding of the right job with the proper tool.

Matt Carty had always been a little man. Not a small man, for that is a thing of personality, and Matt's personality was just fine, thank you. He was outgoing and dryly witty, with perception to temper it; but this was too much offset by his lack of height—an almost comical lack. He was five feet, one inch tall.

He had often considered elevator shoes. Only the inherent hypocrisy of them prevented their purchase. In their place he substituted an almost pathetic eagerness for love and friendship. Indiscriminately, Matt Carty made friends.

Unfortunately, they did not stick to

him for long:

"Jeez, it's real funny, meeting a guy from Princetown here in Chi. I mean, me being a guy from Henshaw, I mean that's only twenty-six miles, an' this is a helluva big town. Wanta 'nother drink, Matt?"

"Oh, golly, no. So tell me—uh, what was it? Harold?—Harold, tell me, what are you doing here in Chicago?"

"I'm a buyer for a linoleum house. You know, I price rolls and cuttings. How about you?"

"I'm at the U of C."

"No kidding?"

"Uh-huh. Studying plane geometry and advanced engineering design."

difficult. Being a normal, red-blooded American lad, Matt Carty sought the companionship of attractive young women. But in that case, also, it was star-crossed.

"Matty, please!"

"Aw, c'mon, Jeannie."

"Now, Matthew Carty, if you don't take your hand out of there, I'm getting out of this car this minute!"

"I thought you loved me..."

"... welll... I do, but..."

"But what?"

A prolonged silence.

"Isn't the night cool, Jeannie?"

"Mmm"

"It was on nights like this that the

feel of good hemp stretched taut. There was the satisfying rightness of a great weight swinging free, like a pendulum, at the end of a straight plumb. There was the heady wine of sound produced by the progression of an execution:

Feet mounting scaffold

Miling about.

Monotoned prayers.

Man puffing cigarette.

Adjustment sounds, most precise.

Trap release.

The door banging free.

The *thucumppppp!*

The *twannnnng!*

The sound of silence.

From the first tentative stirrings within him, the subliminal cravings for recognition—recognition in the field he had chosen—Matt Carty had gone about the business of preparation properly. First high school, with emphasis on woodworking (in case of do-it-yourself emergencies), mathematics, abnormal psychology, dynamics of geometry and a fine grounding in biology—one must know the merchandise with which one works.

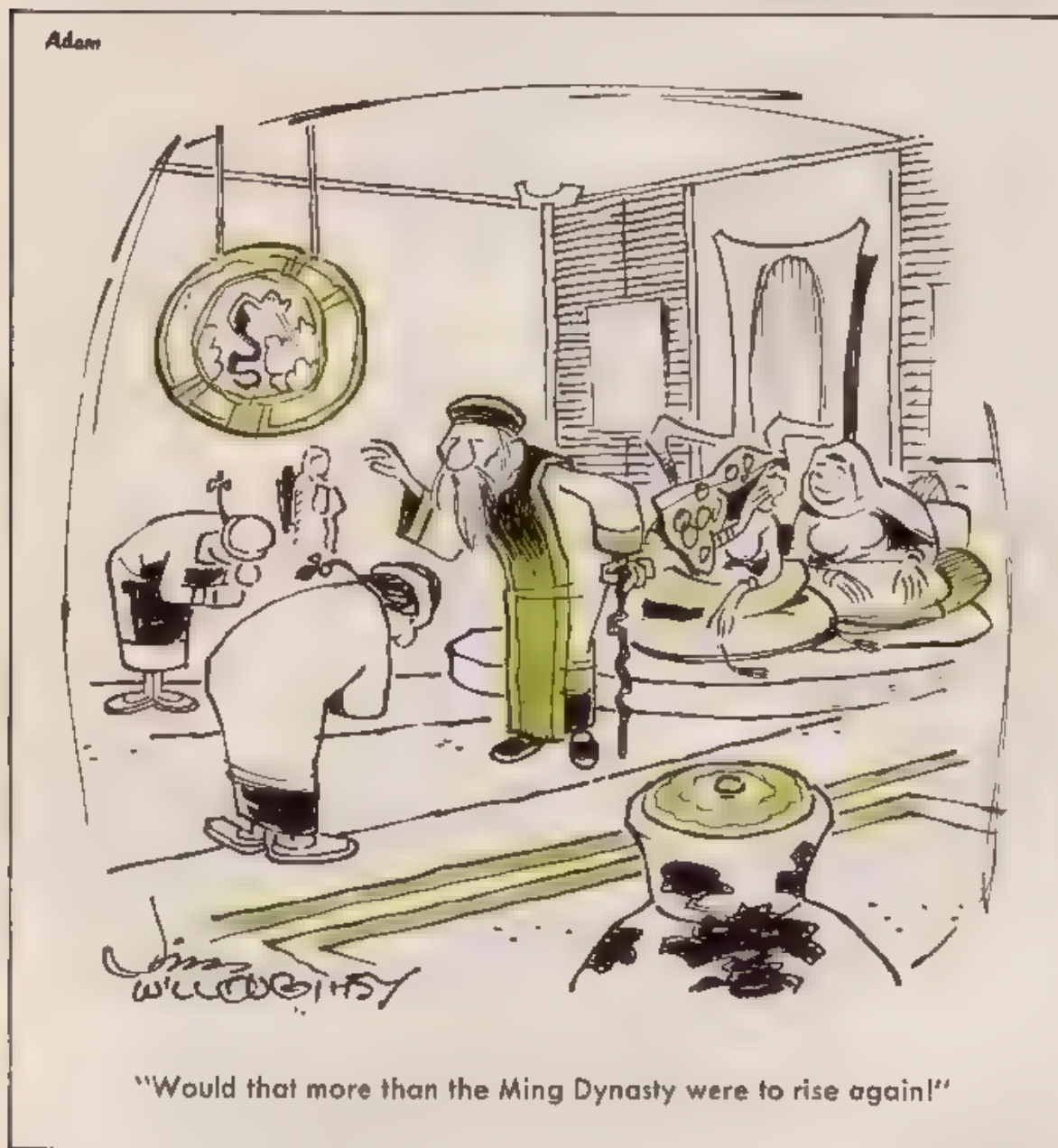
Then college, with several architectural courses, penology, criminology, group behavior classes, ethics, advanced vector analysis and even biochemistry. He did not stay long at any one University, however, and as a consequence, he never came up with a degree of any sort; how could he, the variegated courses he undertook, a smattering of one, a spray-exposure to another.

And oddly enough, there were no deterrents to his career. His parents at first expressed a white-faced horror and complete refusal of co-operation. But they were much too involved with their own problems—she with her religion composed of unequal parts of devout hypochondria and incipient nymphomania, and he with his God: the mighty green Buck—so they sent young Matthew to the schools he wished to attend.

Thus he observed the slaughtering of cattle, watching carefully as they were weighted and hung. He sat in at executions. His eyes were constantly on watch for stresses and effects brought about by pressure and dead-weight. He carried on harmless experiments.

He went to study at Columbia, and fell in with a disparate clique of Greenwich Village bohemians, one of whom was a bottle-auburn brunette named Carinthe who inducted him into the mysteries of sex and liquor, narcotics and bad poetry, and who cast him husklessly aside some months later, leaving him with a bruised id and a resolute determination to become the first hangman in history to

—turn to page 22



"Would that more than the Ming Dynasty were to rise again!"

"What line are you in?"

"I'm a hangman"

"—uh?"

"That's right. I'm a professional executioner. I work free-lance for the States. Of course, I haven't had too many jobs to my credit, but, well, you know... you've got to start somewhere. You see, I'm studying the mathematics of falling weights, and the force of vectors so when I—say, where are you going?"

"—uh—I just saw an old friend of mine, a business acquaint—I, uh, gotta go. Say, it was real swell meeting you; take it easy, huh"

End of friendship.

With love, it was considerably more

hangmen of Henry the First's period prepared their scaffolds"

"What a perfectly sick thing to think about, Matt."

"Why, what's sick about it? I think it's a real fine thing to think about, I mean, after all, it is my line of work."

"Your whaaat?"

"I, uh... heh-heh..."

"You told me you were in lumber!"

"Heh-heh..."

"What, exactly, do you do for a living, Mr. Carty?"

"I'm a, uh, well, I'm a h—"

End of love

But the hazards of the trade were offset by other, more ephemeral, pleasures. There was the pleasure of the

Wet and cold, June Wilkinson smiles for the camera



Hollywood stars are being paid — and risking pneumonia for getting wet before the camera!

MOVIEMAKING IS

MOVIE MAKING is a tricky business. There is the ultimate glory thing that spurs almost every beauty contest winner throughout the land to catch the next bus to Hollywood — and most often ends up waiting on tables in a hamburger palace, marrying one of the customers and settling down to a life of absorbing a sort of reflected glamour that the town seems to radiate.

Most of these girls (and boys) never think about the hazards of being in movies, nor the hard work either for that matter. Someone once asked long-time movie queen Barbara Stanwyck what she hated most about making movies. Miss Stanwyck stared at him for a moment, then answered, "Getting up at five o'clock in the morning."

That should dispel the notion that movie stars lie around in bed until noon, get up and toil before the cameras for a couple of hours before getting dressed to go out for a night on the town.

Then there are other hazards. Like falling off a horse or getting slapped down over and over until the director is satisfied and the camera angle was right.

Then there are a whole variety of stock stories. Such as shooting one scene so many times the whole set is bristling. There are the backstage

feuds that are legend in Hollywood. One feud between two movie queens became so ferocious on the set of a film they were making last year that one of them had to withdraw from the movie. She entered the hospital for a long rest.

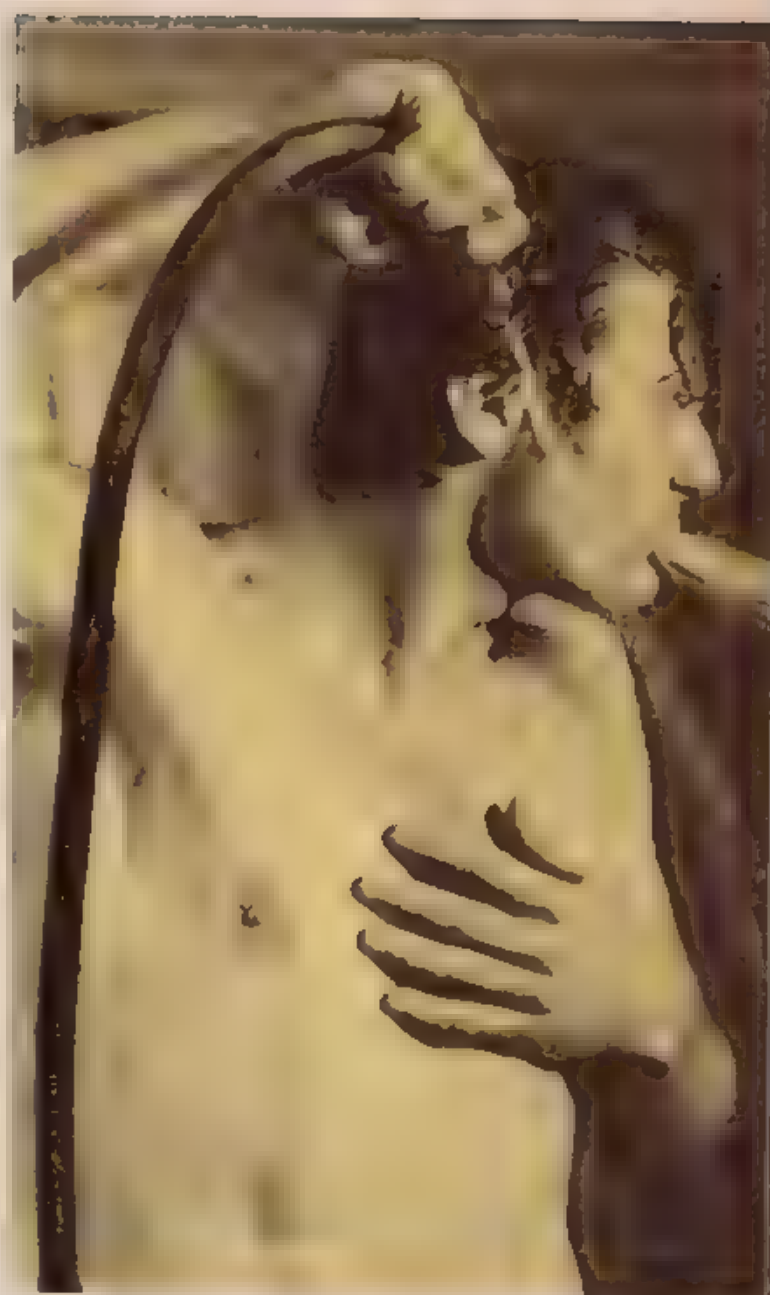
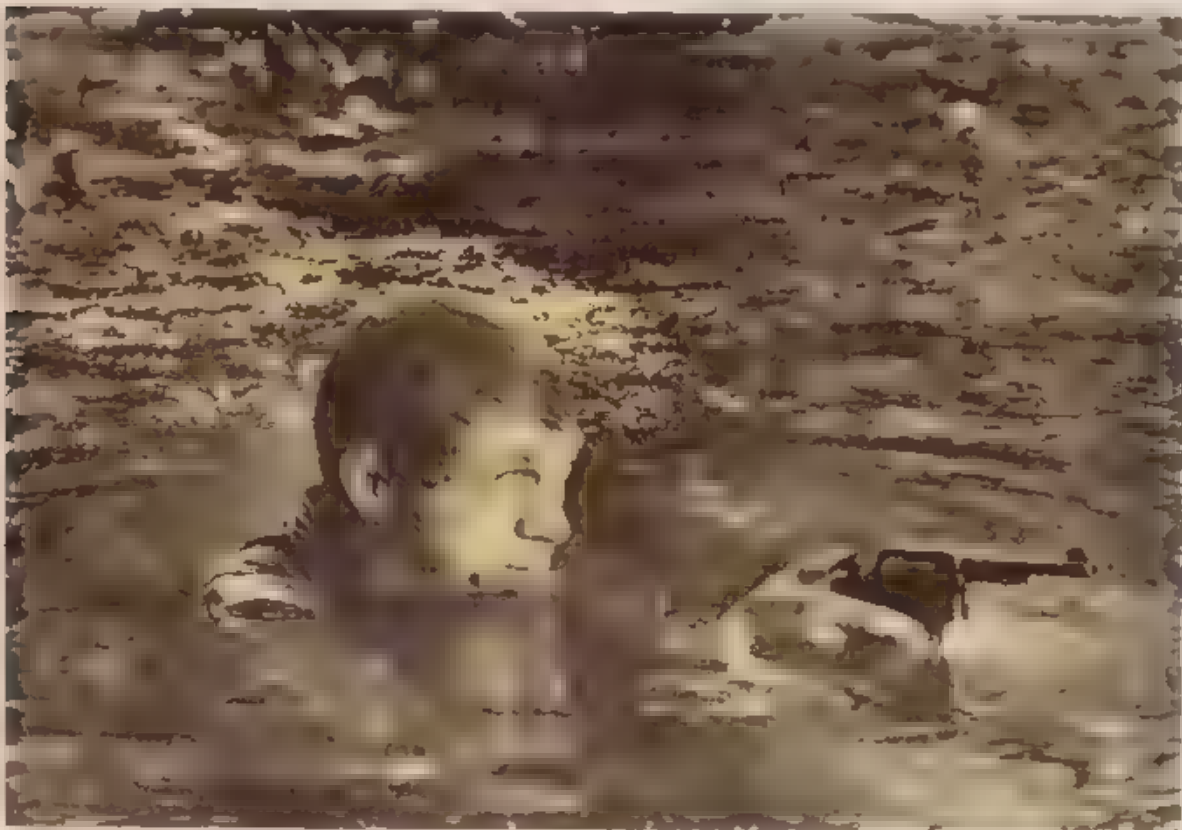
Then there is the story that sexy June Wilkinson tells about making a film with a certain leading man. It was a love story and June was required to kiss him constantly before the cameras. Well, the man's favorite pastime was boozing all night and he never did brush his teeth before going before the camera to smooch with June. Have you ever smelled a beer breath the morning after? It can be pretty gruesome, especially when, as in June's case, you don't drink yourself

Finally June had enough. So she got up an hour early one morning and spent the extra time drinking beer, eating onions and chewing on garlic with tears running down that beautiful face! But from then on her leading man showed up with his breath kissing sweet.

Another Hollywood beauty, Diane Baker, recently was required to pick up a knife on camera. Diane stumbled, fell on the knife and had to be taken to the hospital, she lost so much blood.

—turn the page

Steve McQueen was required to spend hours up to his neck in mud for Nevada Smith.



Michael Parks (above) and Robert Redford (below with Natalie Wood) got wet for the movie camera in recent films.



by JAY SHOREHAM

ONE DAMP THING...



Beautiful Sophia Loren took a shower for her new movie, *Judith*.

Lately Hollywood's treasured box office heroes and heroines are being asked to face a new hazard before the cameras — getting wet.

Those movie sets can be pretty cold and the risk of pneumonia is fairly great. The movie bath started years ago but these days there seems to be a bathing scene—or two—in almost every film made in Hollywood.

When a bathing scene is shot for a movie, it really isn't a matter of just getting into a tub and letting the cameras roll for a few minutes. The shooting may go on for hours. Sometimes even for a couple of days.

Take that picture of June Wilkinson on page eighteen. Well, let her tell about it.

"Cold! I had goosebumps on me the size of cherries. They got the camera all set up, the lighting adjusted and told me to get into the water. I got in and guess what? Well, the water was supposed to be heated — it was only in a swimming pool. But somebody forgot to turn the heat on and it was freezing. With everyone standing by what could I do but go through with it? I was in that water for almost three hours but after the first ten minutes I became numb and it wasn't so bad anymore. But I was sick for three weeks afterwards."

The picture on page twenty-one is of Mamie Van Doren's famous beer bath in *Three Nuts In Search Of A Bottle* and she was completely nude when the sequence was shot!

But Mamie has no pretensions about nudity before the camera. As she says:

I have always been in favor of unconventionality.

I'll never forget the day producer J. Lee Noonan took me to lunch and asked me to take a beer bath for our picture. The idea intrigued me right from the beginning. I pictured myself before the cameras for the whole world to see and me in nothing but suds. So I said okay."

Lately Hollywood's male screen idols have been getting in on the act, too. Dean Martin took a bath with beautiful Beverly Adams in *The Silencers*, and from the expression on his face when that bit of film showed up on screen he enjoyed every minute of it.

...AFTER ANOTHER



Mamie Van Doren's beer bath for Three Nuts In Search of a Bolt was "sticky."

Michael Parks, who appears nude in the forthcoming *The Bible*, was required to hose himself down in his new picture, *The Idol*. At least they gave Robert Redford a bathing suit to wear when Natalie Wood scalded him in *This Property Is Condemned*. In *The Swinger* Ann-Margret and Anthony Franciosa took a shower together—with their clothes on. Both Barbara Stanwyck and Steve McQueen were required to wallow around in mud puddles while the cameras rolled for days in recent films.

When a new film called *Judith* is released this summer, movie fans are really in for a treat. Beautiful Sophia Loren leaves little to the imagination when she takes her shower before the camera!

But it's all just getting wet, Hollywood style, and another hazard of the business. Pneumonia, anyone? ❀



Ann-Margret and Anthony Franciosa get hosed down in a scene from The Swinger

PRIDE, from page 17

bring neck-stretching out as a sincere art-form.

Soon enough, for he was — as noted — perceptive and diligent, he begot a certain efficiency and style in the matters of hangsmanship. So, figuratively speaking, he hung out his shingle.

He offered himself — after his first bonding — to the state of New Hampshire. His rate was reasonable, his manner quick and orderly, and the job was dispatched with aplomb and a certain grace. His reputation was very much like a summer virus: it spread to odd places and sank deep roots.

By the time he was an unwrinkled thirty, Matthew Carty was known as "that hanging man" and he had acquired a scent of fame that was responsible for his articles in *THE SATURDAY REVIEW*, and *THE AMERICAN PENOLOGIST*. He was known as "that hanging man." This was a true appellation.

There were high points, of course, as there must be in all careers of note:

The celebrated swinging of "Lousy" Harry Gottesman, the helicopter-employing rustler, in Montana. His was a singular case: Mr. Gottesman weighed three-hundred and sixteen pounds. It brought Matthew Carty to the notice of law enforcement agencies in each of the (then, nine; now seven) states and two territories where hanging was the accepted form of capital punishment. And, until they became states, switching to life imprisonment, Hawaii and Alaska as well. For Gottesman's demise was achieved with a facility and care that could only be arranged by a genius in his field.

In his way, Matthew Carty had become the Picasso of the scaffold.

There was an all-expense-paid trip to Hawaii, in the sixth year of his fame, sponsored by the local government, to perform what the officials called an "aloha ceremony" on Miss Melba Rooney, a four-timer poisoner of husbands, not all of them her own.

There was the notoriety gained from the Restout Case, and its accompanying gruelling activity on the part of the Utah state police to locate Algernon Restout's victim, a certain Miss Mamie Helf, known locally as an exotic dancer. Mr. Restout had separated the well-known belly dancer from her equipment — with a meat cleaver.

Public sentiment was high on that occasion; the bleachers were packed, and the popcorn sales were a local record high; Matthew Carty fulfilled his obligation to an attentive audience.

In each case, and to each hanging, Carty brought a certain indefinable

gentleness and *savoir-faire* that were identifiable to the perceptive as an unflagging pride of his profession.

He was the best, and there was no getting around it.

Then, when he had begun soaking his plates in warm salt water, when he had acquired a sturdy set of grouse-tracks around his eyes and nose, when he had been warned by his doctor to move slowly in protection of an aging heart, when he was, in short, in the thickening of his lifetime, he was called upon to create history.

IT WAS SEVERAL months after he had completed the execution of a certain gun-runner named Moxlossis, who had butchered his partner with an icepick over a center cut of *filet mignon* on the cruise back from Cuba, when the governor of the state of Delaware contacted him.

By official conveyance, Matthew Carty was brought to the State House, and in secret session with the Governor — that year a rather paunchy man with a predilection for cigarillos and fetid breath — was informed he was to preside at the hanging of Dr. Bruno Kolles.

Matthew Carty's aging heart leaped into his wrinkled throat. The culmination of a glorious career! The *piece de resistance*!

Matthew swallowed heavily, and swung his short legs in the air with restrained emotion. It was a high-legged chair, and though he felt awkward, this was news enough to sublimate his feelings of awkwardness.

The Kolles case was a *cause celebre*. The tabloids had been publishing steadily on the matter, publicizing his arrest and conviction for over seven months.

Anna Pasteur had been a cancer victim. Her days had been numbered and her body wasting away. It had been a body loved with singular ardour by Dr. Kolles, and as a result of the strain and horror visited upon the good Doctor at sight of his paramour wasting away, a mercy killing had been performed, her hand locked in his throughout the activity with hypodermic and sleep-inducing drug.

It had been quick and with sweet terror. But he had been discovered in the act by a jealous nurse, a remarkably horsey woman he had several times rebuffed, and she had turned him in. The case had been followed with much accompanying conjecture and opinion from all sides.

It was in fact the situation that the country was divided in its feelings. Half the people believed he should be turned loose — for his had been an act

of compassion, easily understood and condoned — and half believed he should be hanged with brutal speed.

Thus it was that the Governor of the state of Delaware (chewing on a fetid cigarillo) told Matthew Carty: "We cannot chance a slip-up in this matter. Public sentiment is too strong." There was a detectable note in the Governor's voice, vague, reminiscent of subdued hysteria. "You can do a speedy job, without trouble, can't you?"

Matthew assured him he could. He was most convincing. The tariff on this execution was slightly higher than usual, for the prestige was greater.

Prestige, yes, but more! This was the high point of a career marked by high points.

On the morning of the execution Matthew felt strange quivers in his stomach. He told himself it was the nervousness of his *greatest* job, his most exacting bit of artistry. It was *da Vinci* completing *La Gioconda*; it was Wilbur and Orville on that chilly morning near Kitty Hawk; it was Melville cribbing out painfully the last magnificent lines of "Moby Dick."

He felt like Icarus soaring toward the sun.

The public notice — which would not be removed until after the inquest — had been posted some twenty hours before. The demonstrators had been staunchly turned back from the prison walls. The sheriff, jailer, chaplain and surgeon of the prison all were present, as well as several dry-faced relatives, resigned to the fate of Dr. Kolles.

Matthew Carty made a point of never meeting the man (or woman) he was to execute, but today was something special, something remarkable, so he went to the cell in the late afternoon, rubbing his chin warily.

He wanted to meet the man who was soon to be the most intimately involved with his art. It seemed fitting, though oddly disquieting, somehow.

Kolles was a short, fat man. Not quite as short as Matthew, but still under five-and-a-half feet. He had a fine hairline mustache that seemed almost hesitant about its own existence, and he took the impending stretching of his neck with restrained impotence.

"Are you the man who is going to do this thing?"

Matthew nodded. "I thought I'd come in and say I'll make it as quick as I can."

Kolles bowed his head. A red flush came up from inside his shirt and clouded his face. "What kind of a man are you?" he asked with a quiet

turn to page 24



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PRIDE, from page 22

fury. It was the first sign of emotional strain he had evinced since the beginning of his trial. "I'm a man who tried to save lives . . . but . . . *you!* You take it, without apparent compunction."

Carty stared at him silently for a moment. Then he leaned down and stuck his uncomplicated face into the Doctor's. "I'm a craftsman," he explained. "My idol has always been Henry I of England. Do you know why? Because he furthered the cause of hanging. He was a great man, and his life has given me inspiration. I'm an artist, Doctor. My work is important. I take a great deal of pride in it, because I'm the best in my field."

"Can you understand that?"

None of it made much sense, and of course the good Doctor did *not* understand.

Dr. Kolles turned his face to the wall.

Matthew Carty left the cell, and went out to the courtyard where the white pine scaffold rose in clean-limbed serenity. This was the first time he had been talked to like that since the days of his rude beginnings, when the girls had slapped him and turned grey at mention of his beloved trade. The days before fame had made him tolerable, if not socially acceptable. He had encysted himself, and this stripping off of his shell left him raw and unprotected. He shuddered to himself.

The fools, he thought, they could never understand me.

He checked the sash weights and the oiled trap. He checked the arm and the lever and the floorboards for squeaks—which made an unpleasant effect of jolty when he struggled so earnestly for somberness and seriousness. Yes, everything was in readiness.

Kolles would drop eight feet before the breaking strain. And served him right.

Yet that nervousness, compounded with the annoyance generated by the Doctor, and the pressure of the event itself, further unsettled Matthew Carty. He began to perspire for the first time in his life.

He found himself biting his perfect little nails.

How glorious today would be his ultimate triumph!

When they brought Kolles out, with the newsmen trailing along behind (and that hideous sob-sister from the New York paper, with her chemise much too gay for this occasion) something seemed to frazzle inside Matthew. For as Kolles emerged out of shadow, he stuck his tongue out at Matthew Carty.

Carty was too surprised to be

flabbergasted.

It was very much like that time in Alaska, up past White Horse, when he had had to thaw out the hemp in a bucket of boiling water before he could do the job. Or the time in Kansas when the fall had been too great and had pulled the prisoner's head off. He had been *annerved* then, too, but he had been much younger and his confidence had returned, buoyed up.

But now—

Was he getting old, unsure of himself? Had he lost his confidence in his talent?

He swallowed heavily, and strung Kolles up.

the *thuggee* three-knot method as used in India. He had made an extensive study of choke methods in his exuberant youth, but had, in later life, realized the truth of tried and true old-fashioned approaches.)

His joy was constrained, but enormous. His fingers sang at their work.

He did not notice the knot slip around, as he moved away.

Perhaps it was unsteadiness of hand.

Perhaps the glory of this event in his career had uncautioned him.

Perhaps he was not aware of the stress on the rope.

Perhaps Kolles jiggled a bit, out of spite.



Kolles stuck his tongue out once more.

"*Stop that!*" Matthew hissed under his breath, but Kolles just smiled cherubically.

The execution would be accomplished by the fracturing or dislocating of the first three cervical vertebrae, hence crushing the vital centers in the spinal cord.

Matthew heard the music of lyre, sackbut and dulcimer.

He placed the knot behind the ear for the most symmetrical garrote. It was more artistic than the method favored by lesser talents—under the neck.

(In point of fact, Matthew favored

Any of these are possibilities.

In any case, when the lever was thrust home, and the trap sprang open beneath Kolles, and he plummeted the eight feet to *twaaaaang* at the end of the line, he did not break his neck. He did not die. Obstinately!

The sob-sister screamed and messed her gay chemise.

The newsmen's faces screwed up hideously in expressions of compounded horror, as their eyes moved click and click, back and forth, as though they were watching a tennis match in slow motion.

The jailer turned puce, then grey, and fled.

The chaplain began praying

And Dr Kolles twisted and writhed and bounced and danced and flopped and tumbled about at the end of the hemp. The hanging was a ghastly fiasco . . . obstinately endless . . . that went on for a lifetime and a half, in Matthew Carty's mind. The condemned man seemed determined to kill himself slowly. The corpse was not a corpse for a very long while.

Everyone stood transfixed, not moving, almost blind with the ghastliness of it all. Except the jailer who continued running till he spanned against a barred door some distance down the hall and was knocked totally unconscious.

After a while, someone croaked, "Get a knife . . . cut him d-d-down . . ."

But no one did. They just stood and watched the airborne gavotte.

In actuality, it was a mere three minutes, but it was a week to each of the horrified observers.

The newspapers called him an "incompetent."

The Huntley-Brinkley Report referred to him as a "batcher."

One Sunday morning egghead commentator labeled him a "male Ilse Koch!"

The women's leagues impeached him as a "paid murderer."

In all, it was a serious blow, a killing blow to Matthew Carty's career. For Matthew Carty knew the truth; the truth that lived inside simple appearances. He was not inept. Till Dr. Kolles, he had never felt one way or the other about his "participants" in the act. They had merely been utensils, specified by the authorities as the correct instrument for the assignment. Till Dr. Kolles. He had made the mistake of meeting the man, and from Kolles' loathing of what Matthew Carty did for a living, had been born the first stench-weed of hate in the little man.

Matthew Carty had allowed himself to become personally involved with Kolles. He had hated, and that had thrown him off his stride. He knew he was washed up. Hung up, really. He knew he had lost his touch. His time had come and gone. He had met each challenge with skill and pride in his profession, but all that was just now.

He was a has-been.

When the cleaning woman found him, she shoved her fist into her capacious mouth, and managed somehow to scream around it; but when the police came to the lonely room, they were even more shocked and surprised.

They could not understand a man having that kind of fierce, unrelenting pride in his profession.

For the hangman was dead. *He had poisoned himself.*

The autobiography of a beautiful Negress

SOME LIKE IT DARK

by Kipp Washington

Her name is not really Kipp Washington. She cannot tell you her real name because she is a prostitute—still young, still beautiful, still talented and working in both her professions. As a singer she was on her way to the top, one of the hottest torch singers in the country but she found that sex, so necessary to get her singing engagements, paid even better as a separate commodity. Because she was a beautiful Negress she was the highest paid prostitute in America, her "special services" used by prominent men in business, entertainment and politics—men who denounce prostitution publicly but privately enjoy a double standard of morality. If commercial sex is vile, who is guilty?

HH-122

75c



A daring book definitely not authorized by Playboy

POINT YOUR TAIL IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

by Jeri Emmett

America's new "morality for sophisticates" is put in perspective by this hilariously witty book. Jeri Emmett, an escapee from the Playboy Bunny hutches, pricks the super-sexed fantasy bubble that has shrouded the Playboy Clubs since the first key was turned. The "Look but don't touch" philosophy of the bunny clubs isn't quite so true as Mr. Hefner would have the world believe. Jeri's experiences as a Playboy Bunny take off with a gasp from her first interview where she is asked to answer such questions as, "What do you think of baling?" Can a small town girl make good in an "if you don't swing, don't ring" world?

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At 26 ready for life or death, she doesn't care which!

My Name Is Leona Gage, Will Somebody Please Help Me?

by Leona Gage (Miss U.S.A.)

This is the shocking true story of a fabulously beautiful girl. She had everything—money, talent, a movie career and the title of "the most beautiful girl in the world." She also had one additional talent, to attract sadists and unscrupulous opportunists. They turned her world into a nightmare of frustration, suicide attempts, drug addiction and confinement in an asylum. Her "story-book" career ended in shame and degradation inflicted by an unfeeling society. Her search for love was brutally deflected into lesbianism. Her beauty was distorted by grotesque appearances on a burlesque stage. Her will to live almost completely destroyed.

HH-119

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Intimate Recollections Of a Hollywood Madam

LADIES ON CALL

by Lee Francis

Shortly after writing this book Lee Francis died. And so died the most famous, most colorful Madam in American history—the famous "Call House Madam" who made the Roaring Twenties roar during the Golden Era of Hollywood. In this revealing autobiography she discloses her true identity for the first time and gives you a bold, true-to-life account of her girls, the famous personalities patronizing her houses, and the politics involved in maintaining big scale prostitution. Of particular interest is her world-wide tour in which she found passion a commodity sold in an almost limitless variety of forms.

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From \$10,000 A Week To \$5.00 A Night!

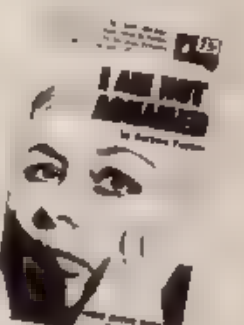
I AM NOT ASHAMED

by Barbara Payton

The Barbara Payton who wrote this book is a \$5.00-a-night whore, a middle-aged "wino" who bears little resemblance to the glamorous actress who earned \$10,000.00 a week and was married to Franchot Tone. What happened to Barbara Payton is not very pretty. Hollywood publicists don't talk about it. Newspapers only carry stories of her arrests. Only in a book such as this can you read the true story of Barbara Payton and how she sold her body and soul to achieve stardom. How every shred of decency and self-respect was stripped from her and she was forced to satisfy depraved passions in order to win favors.

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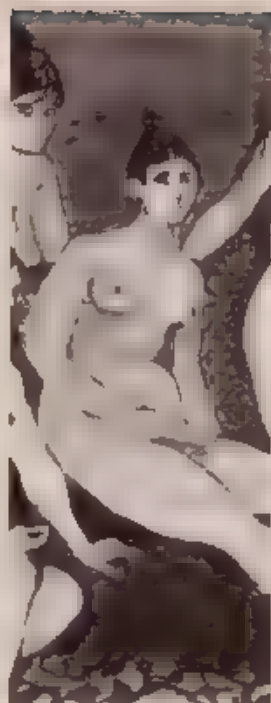
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THE BROADS THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



BROADS,
from page 27

grand style, sipping champagne and Sunday-promenading in the latest, costliest fashions. *Kitty's* was saluted by the newspapers as the "finest house east of the Mississippi."

But the patterns of society, stirred by the ebbing Victorian age, were already shifting rapidly. Crusaders were abroad in the land. Soon River Street would be a strange battleground. Here, the crusaders for public morality would meet in gruelling combat with—oddly enough—the forces of the law. And each side would have its knight-defenders.

In 1911, gathered under the banner of their champion, State Senator Victor Linley, the crusaders launched their attack with a new law that called for the closing of what they euphemistically called the "segregated districts." Unlike the old law, the Linley law, as it was known, had teeth. The City Fathers, who had always accepted the fact of prostitution's existence, tried but could not politely ignore the new law as they had the old. It seemed that River Street's red-lights would soon flicker and die.

But the forces of "public morality" had failed to reckon with the hard-headed practicality of one man, a man of granite character and build, with 23 years' experience in dealing with the gay ladies of River Street—Milwaukee's Chief of Police, John T. Janssen. His long career had shaped him for this moment. Now, willing or not, Janssen was thrust suddenly into the role of River Street's knight-defender.

For a year following the Linley law enactment, the red-lights still winked brightly along River Street, but finally the stern-faced, German-born Janssen was forced to close the district officially. Then he met the crusaders' advance with their own weapon—the Linley law. When the district had been in full swing, Janssen's men roamed through it making arrests freely whenever the denizens of River

Street overstepped what he, Janssen, arbitrarily considered their limits. With the closing of the district, however, Janssen's whole department was suddenly letter-observant of the law. Arrests were made only when someone presented unshakeable evidence. Under this mantle of protection-by-default, the sweet-tarts of River Street, though scattered, carried on as freely as ever. While the barrel-chested Chief thus flouted their champion, the crusaders came to a slow boil.

What was Chief Janssen's reasoning? What were his motives in fighting for wide-open prostitution? Was he, as some darkly hinted, in the pay of Kitty Williams and her friends? If so, Kitty and Company carried a walloping big overhead that must have included payoffs for the Sheriff, the District Attorney and his whole staff, the Mayor and his Aldermen—in fact all of the town's chief burghers, including some of Janssen's political enemies, men who would have given anything to see him ousted. All of these men, without exception, stood solidly with the Chief on the River Street issue; all of them closed ranks with him, awaiting the showdown they knew must come.

It was not graft that drove Janssen to take his embattled stand; it was the reasoning and knowledge born of his long experience. Prostitution was inescapable, he knew; it was an institution. "There will be as much vice," he said, "as the people themselves want." And on this same point, a friend and contemporary, one Dr. H. M. Brown, seconded the Chief, saying that the morals of the city were no better, no worse with the closing of the district; that "historically, campaigns against vice always fail, since they are launched against a thing rooted in human nature."

Experience had taught the Chief that his job was to contain and control prostitution, not eliminate it. Indeed, his own early efforts to eliminate it had taught him that it seemingly was impossible. He had once tried to use existing laws, which called for a \$25 fine for each "act of prostitution" (no small amount of money when eggs were about 12c a dozen), to tax River Street out of existence. It couldn't be done. Strangely enough, it was the crusaders of those earlier years who made him desist from what they roughly termed "public pumping." And so he learned that containment was the wisest course, and open vice was easiest to contain.

"When the segregated district existed we kept the prostitutes within the limits of that district," the Chief once told Linley himself.

"I had special policemen who did nothing but watch. Whenever they

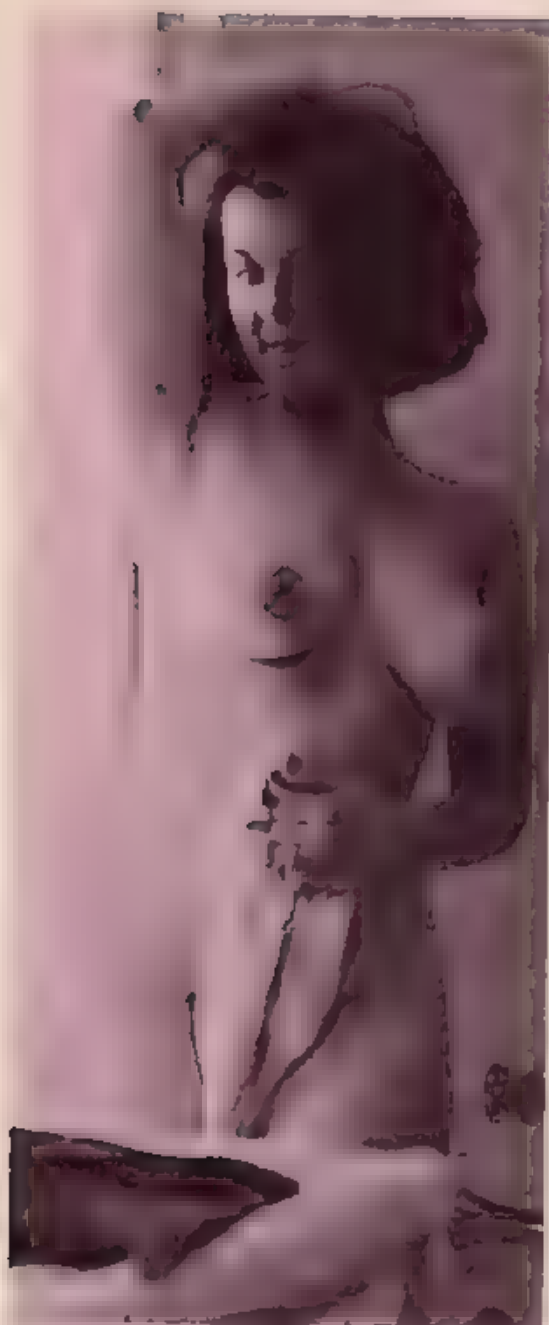
found a prostitute outside that district they arrested her at once. The order was not to let the district spread into the residence section of the city."

Janssen's "watch-dogs" not only ringed-in the River Street district, but prowled it constantly for the one thing the Chief would not tolerate—"white slavery." With the full power of his office, Chief Janssen blasted a Keeper or Madam who employed an underage or runaway girl, or who kept any girl against her wishes. The department kept a record of all prostitutes and all house operations. "When a new girl came to a house," explained Janssen's right-hand man and eventual successor, Inspector Jacob Laubenhimer, "the keeper notified the police and we went down and talked to her to see who she was and where she came from." If the "new girl" was not absolutely over 21 and freely engaged in the business, she was escorted to Janssen personally—not to court or jail—whereupon he would arrange for her to be sent home, or to friends or relatives. She was encouraged by the chief to take a fresh lease on her young life.

Janssen was convinced, too, that the closing of River Street had merely driven prostitution underground and scattered it, if not actually enlarged its operation. He told this, in effect, to one of the Linley crusaders and was strangely backed up by one Sam Miller—"strangely," because Miller besides being a prominent actor-producer of the times, was also the husband of the illustrious Kitty Williams. Said Miller: "The district isn't gone. It's all over the city, now, and everyone knows it." One could assume that Kitty Williams' man knew whereof he spoke.

Perhaps the greatest motivation behind Chief Janssen's fight for River Street was the iron character of the man himself, as revealed throughout his 33 years in office. It took a man of fighting aggressiveness, as one newspaper portrayed him, to gain the office of chief in an age when "a good cop" was thought to be "one who could whip a man half again his size in a fair fight." It took a man of bulldog tenacity to hold the office for that astounding number of years in an era when political lives lasted only slightly longer than bratwurst at a beer party. Janssen believed, as another editorial once noted, that "as long as the responsibility was his then the authority would be also." It was this belief that bore him on to recognition in his own life as the "Dean of our nation's police chiefs," to the position of president of the National Association of Chiefs of Police, and eventual recognition as a leader in the evolu-

—turn to page 30



ALTHEA CURRIER is single, 24 years-old and hails from Maine. A burlesque star and actress, Althea checks out at 38-24 35 in the vital areas. She invites you to write to her about your problems. Althea will answer the type of questions readers of ADAM might ask, no matter how intimate. Or if you're just curious about something and think she might have the answer, write and address your letters to:

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Dear Althea:

I am terribly handicapped when making love to a girl because I am extremely ticklish. A light touch or caress will send me into fits of laughter. I am susceptible on just about every part of my body. As you can imagine, this throws quite a wet-blanket on my little fires. I would truly appreciate your advice.

Guy Folger
Miramar, Calif.

Dear Guy:

Surprisingly, yours is a very common problem—there are many men whose bodies become extremely sensitive when they are subjected to the stimulations of sexual foreplay. Short of wearing armor, the only cure for this is sheer will-power—you must "think" the ticklishness away before making love.

• • •

Dear Althea:

I would like to know your opinion as to whether or not a man can love his wife and still wish to have extra-marital relationships? You see, my wife is cute, but I sometimes find myself looking at other women with desire. Do you think I'm wrong for wanting other women?

Mike C. Daley
Enterprise, Ala.

Dear Mike:

The tone of your letter indicates that you equate love (something almost purely emotional) to sex (an almost entirely physical reaction). While it is true that the two of them often go hand in hand, this is not always the case. A man can love a woman, and still not have any particular physical desire for her. Likewise, the same man can physically desire a woman he considers beautiful without wishing to become emotionally involved. The answer to your question is: "Yes, a man can love his wife and still wish to have extra-marital affairs."

• • •

Dear Althea:

I am one of the many Marines fighting in Viet Nam that read your column. The reason that I am writing is not that I have a problem involving my love-life (there just isn't any), but rather a lack of mail. Letters from home are the most important thing to a man that is fighting in a foreign country—and I'm not getting any. Do you know of any women that wish to correspond with a 21-year-old Marine?

PFC. Ron Dudek
A Co. 3rd Tank Bn.
Third Marine Division
c/o FPO San Francisco,
Calif. (96602)

Dear Ron

I have published your full address in the hopes that some "young woman" will take the hint. In the meantime, keep up the good work. We're with you.

• • •

Dear Althea

I happen to be one of those women who is flat-chested—but I've always wanted a good bust. I read your article telling a woman to try plastic surgery, and I wonder if you think it could help me. Since I live near New York could you give me the name and address of a doctor in this area who does this sort of surgery.

Ilean Filts
Ft. Lee, Va.

Dear Ilean:

It is possible that you are slightly misinformed, in that you seem to think that plastic breast-surgery is a "twenty-minute operation that provides a quick-cure for small breasts." This is decidedly not the case. Surgery of this type is extremely delicate, and if it isn't handled by a competent surgeon it can lead to many future problems. My advice to you is to contact your family doctor, tell him of your problem, and get his opinion. He will also undoubtedly have the names of several surgeons who specialize in this field.

• • •

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BROADS, from page 28

tion of modern law enforcement.

He was a sympathetic man, yet far from being mawkish or sentimental. Largely because of his early clashes with them, he hated reformers, whom he termed "long-haired men and short-haired women." He often expressed a firm conviction that a special hell with extra-special torture awaited such "meddlesome do-gooders." Yet, in his own way, he was—if not a reformer—an angel of terror where professional crime and certain vice was concerned.

Early in his career, he wiped out the "stall saloon," a saloon providing tiny partitioned rooms at the rear wherein professional procurers, often through forceful rape, "recruited" girls for syndicated "white slavery." When local gambling threatened to link up permanently with national organizations, he descended on it with a vengeance. Saloon keepers who permitted the loitering of minors, found John T. Janssen waiting with his personal blacklist when they came before the city's aldermen for license renewal. And they always went away leaving their permits behind them.

Yet withal, Chief Janssen was a man of understanding, firm but gentle and a decided respecter of womanhood. "God's fairest creation," he called them. "I put them on a pedestal above men." One of his most cherished possessions, it was said, was a bundle of letters replete with satirical ribbon which he kept locked in his desk drawer. They were letters from "his girls," the underage and runaways that had been brought to him from River Street; the girls for whom he had found new homes and lives. But "God's fairest creation" had no business in what he termed "improper callings," and apparently meddling in the River Street affair was extremely improper.

When a delegation from the Women's Federation called on him concerning the district, the Chief politely admitted them to his office, but told them five minutes was all he could spare. He interrupted at the instant the last second was up.

"What do you intend to do about this disgraceful state of affairs?" their flustered spokesman asked.

Quietly but forcefully, Janssen said, "Ladies, not a God damned thing."

For two years after he was forced to close the red-light district, Janssen, backed solidly by the City Fathers, carried on his resistance until, at last, the crusaders reached their boiling point. On July 13, 1914, with headlines unfurled to the summer breezes, they arrived to do battle with the errant Chief on his home grounds. Senator Linley, heading a commission

of several colleagues, opened a week-long series of hearings at City Hall to "investigate the causes of public immorality." But the crusaders' lances were levelled at Janssen and his backers.

The Chief and his coterie, armed with logic, experience, and even some statistics, fought valiantly for the return of River Street's red-lights, but to no avail. The "investigations" soon degenerated into a battle of opinions, name-calling, charges and counter-charges. Janssen, in particular, was indirectly accused of everything from graft to ordering his men to break up the hearings. In fact the crusaders, carried away with their intensity of purpose, nearly lost the battle by a sort of default—they had created much sympathy for the Chief and much favorable publicity for open, controlled prostitution.

But two factors sealed the doom of River Street.

The first, and perhaps most important factor, was that the Janssen forces were fighting something more than a group of reform-minded politicians who were momentarily "on top" in both the legislature and the public eye. They were fighting a new brand of thinking that was not illogical, but rather *non-logical*. This "new" thinking, born in the shifting social patterns of the times, held that the public official must not, indeed could not, subject himself to the tide of public opinion; rather he must shape public thinking. By example, prostitution was immoral *per se* no matter what the people might want or not want. Therefore, the public official was duty-bound to root it out, according to the crusaders.

The second factor that sealed the doom of River Street was a quirk of fate. The hearings concluded and suddenly both Janssen and the crusaders were forgotten. War in Europe had burst across the world's headlines. It would soon embroil our nation. As the people turned to the spectacle of war, the "new" thinking took root and grew. Chief Janssen, his power weakened, served his office ten more years in relative obscurity, retiring at last in ill health. He died shortly thereafter.

And what about River Street? Today, they call it Edison Street after the power plant that stood at its south end. The name had long been used by plant employees who sometimes hesitated to admit visits to River Street. Edison Street is a quiet street, lined with forlorn-looking, cheap "hotels" and bottom-rung taverns where only the ghosts of Kitty's girls, perhaps, still linger. And today it's beer and maybe baseball—not bawds—who make Milwaukee famous.

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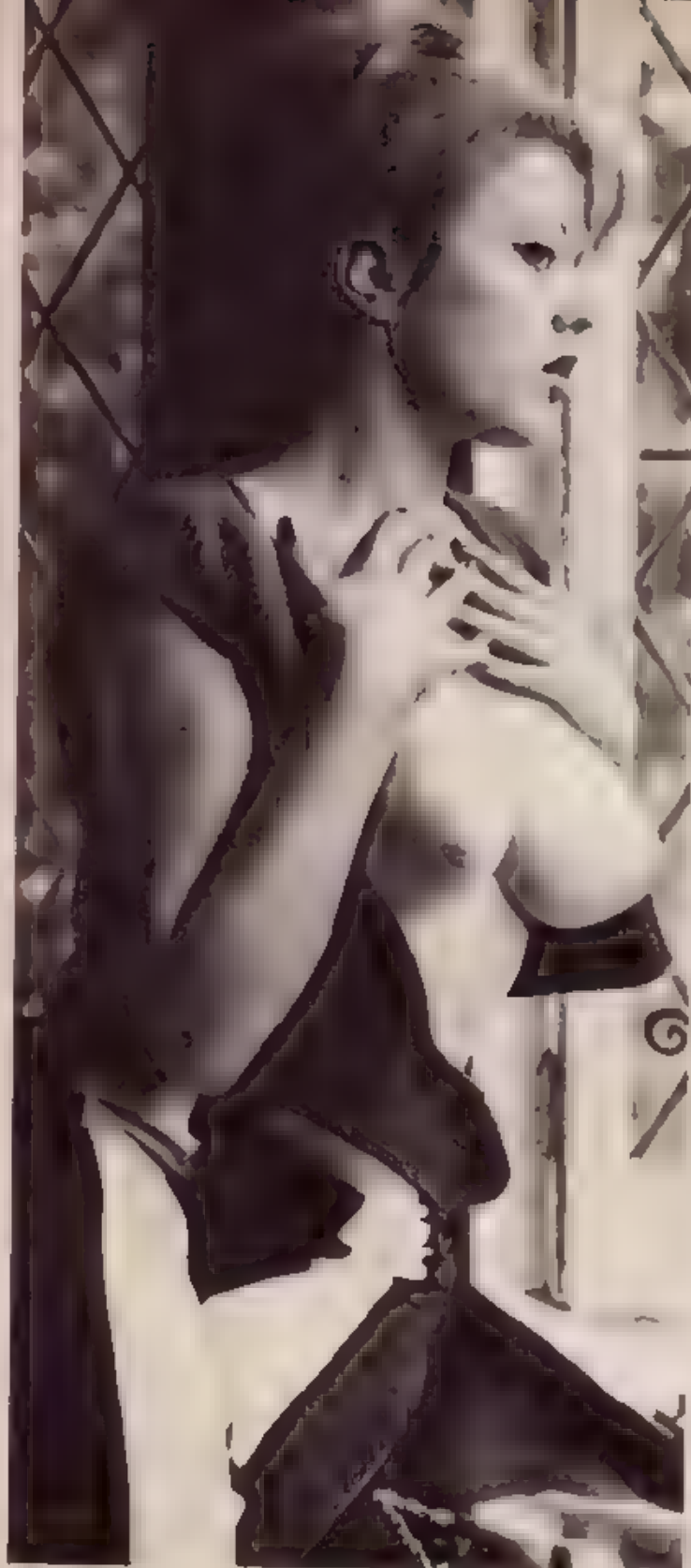
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England's favorite blonde returns to ADAM!

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Soon after our readers flipped over her Vicky signed to play one of James Bond's girlfriends in **Goldfinger**. Since then she has appeared in several films, both English and American. One of the world's most famous photographers describes Vicky's body as "that of a Venus." And, just in case you've forgotten, she is 5' 7" tall and curves to an extremely delightful 38-24-37. Again we offer our sincere thanks to Vicky for taking time out from her busy schedule to pose for our camera. Welcome back, doll! ❀





ADAM'S EVE
Vicky Kennedy



SATYRICON, from page 5

the party would be anything like it is. We would like to get out now, so please let us."

"It is unfortunate," said the porter. "I can do nothing for you."

"Well, if it's a rule that you can't get out once you're inside, why didn't someone tell us before we came in?" demanded Ascyrtos.

The porter smiled sadly, much as the first porter had.

"Gentlemen, what do you expect? You are grown men, not infants. Grown men must be prepared to take the consequences for their actions. You have acted, now you must take the consequences. It is entirely logical. If it were any other way, there would be no justice."

It was obvious that this fellow would be no more help to us than the first, so again we took leave and began to prowl about in search of an exit. The air had grown cold now, and our clothing—still wet from our fall into the fishpond—stuck to our skin.

We tramped through the thick vines of a garden, searching frantically for hours in the hope that we could find a way out, but discovered after a time, much to our dismay, that we really had been walking in circles, and now were back where we had begun.

Gito had begun to cry, and moaned that there was no hope for us—that we were doomed to walk about like that for the rest of our lives, freezing and weary, never able to escape.

"Have courage," Ascyrtos told him. "We are strong men and good ones. If anyone can find a way, we can."

This failed to comfort Gito, but he stopped crying, apparently realizing that crying was doing us no good.

We continued to tramp through the garden.

Fortune, however, did not see fit to favor us, and—several hours later—we had not advanced our cause an inch.

Weary, we sat under a tree and stared at the sky, which was now growing bright with the light of the early morning sun. I felt my eyes growing heavy. Soon they closed.

The next sound I heard was that of a group of musicians, playing flutes and stringed instruments; the melodies of each were different, and there was no rhythm.

I opened my eyes and found that Gito and Ascyrtos were awake beside me. The sun had lighted the garden, and the path to Trimalchio's house was covered with bright, glittering stones that had not been there the night before. In the center of the path stood another porter, who beckoned us to follow him.

"Will you show us the way out?" Ascyrtos asked him warily.

"I will show you the way in, gentlemen. The party is still going on and Trimalchio misses your company."

I looked to Ascyrtos and shrugged.

"We may as well follow him," I said. "As long as we can't get out, we might just as well enjoy ourselves."

Ascyrtos agreed and we started after the porter. Gito, however, demanded that we halt.

"If we go in now," he said, "there'll never be any hope for us."

"There's no hope anyway," replied Ascyrtos.

"Maybe not," said Gito, "but at least we should continue to try for an escape. I, myself, would rather take my chances out here than forfeit them all by going inside."

Ascyrtos and I deliberated the matter for a moment.

"Come, gentlemen," called the porter impatiently. "Trimalchio is not accustomed to waiting. If you tarry much longer, he may not even let you inside. Then where would you be?"

"The man has a point," admitted Ascyrtos.

"No," protested Gito. "If he refuses to let us in, then we will be out—which is what we wanted anyway. I say that we should stay."

Ascyrtos and I had a brief conference, in which we de-

cided to follow the porter.

"Come, Gito," I said. "We know what's best."

The boy refused.

"I know I have pledged to follow you, Encolpius," he told me, "but in this instance, I cannot. If you go, you shall go without me."

"Come on, now, child," said Ascyrtos. "You're acting very foolishly."

"No," said Gito. And, with that, he picked up a handful of stones and began throwing them at the porter, who ran up the path and disappeared into the house.

"Now, look what you've done," Ascyrtos scolded him. "Now we can't get out and we can't get in. We're exactly nowhere."

"I'm sorry," replied Gito, "but I prefer it this way."

Angrily, Ascyrtos and I walked away from him and started up the path to the door. Twice we looked back to see if he was following us, but he was not.

On the porch we knocked for admittance, but there was no answer. Inside we could hear the sounds of the musicians and the guests; evidently, the party was still in full swing.

Ascyrtos found a window, which we opened and climbed in. The foyer was empty, as was the dining room beyond it, but, following the sounds of the party, we made our way to the baths, where we located the entire assemblage.

The guests were all stark naked, and most were coupled off in various combinations, taking their pleasures of each other. Some were drinking wine from large flasks and singing badly some songs of Menecrates. Others were running around the cistern with their arms spread in the fashion of bird's wings.

A group of men had their hands bound behind them and were attempting to pick up grapes from the pavement with their teeth. Others knelt with one knee on the ground and leaned backwards attempting to kiss their big toes.

While they thus entertained one another, we went into the hot-house which had been heated for Trimalchio; here we encountered Fortunata, who brought us into another room, where fresh entertainment had been set up.

The tables here were covered with silver and earthenware of a double gilt, and there was in the center of the room a fountain that ran with wine.

"This day, my friends," Trimalchio told us as he entered the room, "a servant of mine opened a barber shop. He's a thrifty fellow and one of my favorites, so I've erected the fountain in his honor. Let the floor have a drink as well as ourselves; meanwhile, we'll sit until dusk and watch it."

While he was still speaking, a cock crowed, at which sound Trimalchio became alarmed and commanded that the wine be thrown under the table and that all the lamps be sprinkled with it.

"It is not for nothing that this trumpeter has given us notice," he said, his face registering alarm. "The sound is a symbol: Either one of the neighbors will kill himself or my house will be on fire."

While we were still wondering at this strange utterance, a troop of servants rushed in. Trimalchio told them to warn the neighbors and to inspect all the buildings on the estate so that the fire could be put out as soon as it was discovered.

Then, turning to us, he said:

"Plunge into the baths, all of you, lest the flames burn your flesh."

We followed him into the baths and leaped in with the other guests, all of whom were huddling together fearfully.

Meanwhile, Selucus and some of the others began to vomit, and the stench of their regurgitation provoked others into doing likewise. Before long, everyone was vomiting on everyone else, and the entire bath well filled with the rejected contents of a hundred stomachs.

Sickened, Ascyrtos and I decided to take our chances on the outside again, and took flight back into the garden.

where we had left Gito.

The boy wasn't there, but he had left a piece of his coat on the ground, and by it, another, and a little farther on, a third. We followed these pieces of cloth until we came to a large, stone wall, on top of which was one of his sandals.

Climbing the wall, we looked out and saw a field, which was full of snakes and lizards. Across the field was Gito, who called to us to join him.

"The snakes will kill us," protested Ascylos.

"You must take the chance, my friend," said Gito. "I got through them unscathed, and maybe you can, too. If not, there's no hope for you."

Ascylos and I decided that we would try, whereupon we leaped off the wall and ran through the field as quickly as we could. The shiny bodies of the snakes coiled around our legs and pricked us with their fangs, but we kept on running, and, finally, after we had succeeded in plowing our way through them, we found ourselves pained but in safety. The snakes were behind us, and we were on the bank of a small creek.

"We must get away from here as quickly as we can," said Gito. "Follow me."



He led the way into the stream, and we waded down it until the water was as deep as our necks. Then, we swam to the shore and rested.

"At last," said Ascylos, "we are away from that cursed place—thanks to our young friend here."

Thereupon we each kissed Gito tenderly, and thanked him for getting us out of there.

"Let us sleep now," said he. "Then, when we are refreshed, we'll go on our way. Perhaps we'll all have learned something from this horror we just escaped."

WHEN WE AWOKE IT was daylight, and, judging from the bright afternoon sun, we had slept not only through the entire night but also through the following morning. The pains of hunger twitched at our stomachs, while our heads throbbed with the unpleasant memory of too much wine. Miserably, we rinsed our faces in the creek, then started down the path alongside the stream—hoping we would eventually come to Minturno, where we could regain possession of the loot we had stashed away.

For hours we trudged along the path, our feet becoming bloody from the pricks of sharp pebbles and broken hills of

gravel, without finding so much as a hint of civilization. At length, we decided to reverse our field and proceed in the opposite direction, whereupon we retraced our painful steps; by the time we got to that point from which we had originally struck out, it was completely dark again.

Not a single star appeared to direct us in our way, nor did the black night give us the hope of meeting a stranger who might counsel us; the elements, along with our ignorance of our location, seemed to have entered a conspiracy aimed at misdirecting us.

Nonetheless, we proceeded upstream, and, finally, after many hours, Gito's diligence delivered us. Recognizing a tree he had marked while we were in flight after the incident with the coat, he oriented himself to the terrain and proceeded in a westerly direction. Before long, he had found the main road; not long after—around sunrise—we were in Minturno again.

We found an inn, but this did not solve our problems, for the hostess was so drunk that she had completely taken leave of her senses and could not understand a word we spoke; accordingly, she refused to let us in, and only laughed loudly at our miserable entreaties. We might have been forced to sleep in the street had not a friendly letter-carrier passed by and helped us break down the door.

After we entered the bedchamber, we feasted plentifully, then bedded down for the night. I, pressed by impatient nature, quickly took my Gito aside and, wrapped in the folds of his skin, pleasurably spent the night.

Who can describe the bliss I felt locked together with him in love's embrace? How soft were our warm embraces, as we hugged each other, and clung together, and as our souls—like streams—mixed together through each other's lips! Our bodies intertwined, we shut out the world and all its pageantry and died the delicious death of love.

My pleasures, however, were short lived, before long, the blissful union was disturbed by the intrusion of a third party, namely Ascylos, who pulled Gito from me while I was asleep and brought him to his own bed.

The bright light of the moon highlighted the features of their muscular bodies as they locked together and began to dance the writhing dance of love. I felt my blood grow hot within my veins as my eyes perceived their unholy union, and, furiously, I leaped upon them, physically tearing them apart.

Gito's aroused member was quivering excitedly as I pulled it from Ascylos; pressing him against me, so that the stiff instrument of his lovemaking rested against my bare stomach, I petted his shoulders and arms consolingly. Then, looking as sternly as I could at Ascylos, I told him:

"Since you've played the villain by your treachery, I can have no respect for you anymore. I did not mind, when, days before, you shared my boy with me, because at the time you had his consent and mine. Tonight, however, you stole him from me, and in so doing, broke the common laws of friendship. Therefore, get together all your belongings as quickly as possible and leave. Find another comrade to abuse."

Ascylos consented, whereupon we went to the cache where we had hidden our loot and made an exact division of what there was.

This having been done, Ascylos turned to me and said: "Now, let's share the boy, too."

I believed this to be a jest at parting, but Ascylos' stern countenance showed no trace of humor. His lips curled in a murderous expression as he drew his sword.

"Gito is worth more to me than all the booty," he declared. "I must have my share of him, or I'll take it with this sword."

Saying this, he lashed out at me with the blade; had I not been extremely agile and succeeded in ducking under him, I would have lost my head.

—turn to page 38

Quickly unsheathing my own sword, I moved to engage him. But here, Gito, rushed between us and began kissing both our knees, and, crying unashamedly, begged that we not expose ourselves in such a pitiful manner nor with our blood pollute the rites of so dear a friendship.

"If there must be murder," he cried, "behold my naked bosom and direct your fury at it. If any of us deserves death, it is I, for having violated the sacred laws of friendship."

Moved by his plea, both Ascylos and I sheathed our swords.

"I'll end the difference," Ascylos told me. "Let us both agree that the choice shall be up to Gito; let him pick whichever man he likes, and let him follow that man as a friend; and let us agree that the man not picked will abide by the decision, and promise unquestioned liberty both to Gito and to whomever he picks."

Now this seemed eminently reasonable to me; furthermore, I had presumed that my long acquaintance with Gito had made a strong impression on his nature, and I hadn't the slightest doubt that he would pick me.

Completely confident, I accepted the terms of Ascylos' offer with an eager haste.

"Let Gito be the judge," I declared. "I'll abide by whatever he says."

Immediately—without even seeming to consider the matter—the boy jumped up and threw his arms around Ascylos, hugging him tightly and professing his love for him.

I was thunderstruck.

Unsheathing my sword, I held it before me and threw myself at it. Gito, however, kicked the sword away from me and I landed on the floor unscathed.

"Don't do anything rash, Encolpius," my boy told me. "Someday soon you'll understand my reasons for doing as I have done."

So speaking, he took Ascylos' hand in his own, and together they walked out of the room, Ascylos wearing the expression of the proud conqueror.

I watched the door close behind them and sat there contemplating my sorry fate. I, who not long before had seemed to be the king of my own world, the monarch of all in view . . .

I thought about Gito's parting words—"Someday soon you'll understand my reasons for doing as I have done"—but I failed to see any significance in them.

I thought about Ascylos' treachery, and wondered if perhaps his sole motivation in undertaking the journey was to steal Gito away from me.

I thought about these things and others, but the more I thought, the more confused I became.

Is the world but a game? I wondered. Are friends merely those who flock about you when there is profit to be had?

Is all life nothing more than a practical joke played by Fortune—today She smiles at you and all goes well, tomorrow She frowns and everything which is important to you is taken away?

On the floor beside me was my sword, where it lay after Gito had kicked it out of my hand. I picked it up, held it before me and stood poised atop it . . .

But, I could not bring myself to fall on it.

Has my soul been so bankrupted, I wondered, that even courage is gone? I lost all that was worth anything to me, and now had only life—miserable life; and yet I did not have the courage to toss it away.

Furious with myself, I threw the sword across the room. Then I sat on the edge of the bed and looked at my feet.

I was tired, and sick, and my insides felt as if they were being torn apart. I had not even been able to discharge myself as a man. I was a total failure.

Sick and afraid, I cried

And there was no one to comfort me . . . for I was com-

pletely and horribly alone.

I DID NOT REMAIN long at the inn where the treacherous Ascylos and the fickle Gito had left me. As long as I lacked the courage to take my own life, I saw no point in exposing myself to others who might want to take it—and there were many, I felt, who might.

I feared first the men of Trimalchio. As one who had escaped his previously unescapable lair, I stood to be an object of his revenge. It wouldn't surprise me if, at that very minute, some of his men were out looking for me.

Secondly, I feared one Menelaus, an usher at a school, whom I knew to be angry at me as a result of an altercation some years before. He lived in Minturno, and if he learned that I was nearby, I don't doubt that he would come looking for me also.

Finally, I feared robbers. The loot I had, after dividing the possessions with Ascylos, was considerable. I, myself, would not hesitate to make an attempt at robbing one with so much in his possession; all the more reason that some persons, more scurrilous than I, might attempt to rob me.

Adam



"Whaddaya mean old age is creeping up on me?"

Accordingly, I packed the booty in a valise and took flight. I didn't stop until I was at the sea, where I obtained lodging at a private home on the waterfront.

There, sealed away from everyone who might wish to harm me, I spent three days reflecting on my despised and abject condition.

The more I thought of the hurts I had incurred, the sicker I got. My body trembled as I contemplated my pitiful self, and I beat my breast, sick as it was; when my deep sighs abated long enough for me to speak, I cried out:

"Why have I been dealt with like this?"

"I admit that I am an evil man. I admit that I have violated the laws of nature.

"Did I not commit murder? I did. Did I not violate Lycas' wife and flee justice? I did. Have I not been so base as to corrupt even the most innocent? I have.

"Then, why didn't the earth burst open and swallow me? Why didn't the sea overwhelm me?

"If I have wronged nature, why has it not been nature that has taken vengeance upon me.

"But, no. Nature has done nothing to me. Instead, I have been condemned to live out my life in a strange place, to

die alone, and to have my name recorded only among beggars and vagabonds.

"And, who condemned me to this solitude?"

"A boy!"

"A mere boy—one who is a prostitute in all manner of lust; one who, by his own confession, deserves to die; one whom vice has ennobled from a slave, who was publicly contracted with as a girl by one whom he knew was of his same sex; one who put on petty-coats and was condemned to a maid's office in a prison; who, after spending what he had, changed the scene of his lust and, having contracted an old friendship, basely left it and—frontless impudence! Like a hot whore for a single night's pleasure—sold his friend."

"Now the lovers lie entire nights locked in each other's arms. Who knows, in the intervals when they have any strength left after the ardors of their lovemaking, that they don't laugh at me?"

The more I thought of this, the more my feelings of self-pity gave way to feelings of anger and a desire for revenge.

"They won't go off unpunished," I promised myself. "If I'm a man—or, at least a free-born male—I'll avenge their injury to me by spilling their blood."

Having resolved this, I put on my sword and prepared to depart. So I wouldn't be too weak to perform the task I had set for myself, I encouraged my strength with a lusty meal. Then, inflamed by my anger, I strode out of the house and returned to the city.

I searched everywhere for them. My face bearing the expression of a wild man, I thought of nothing but blood and slaughter.

Presently, I was accosted by a soldier, who asked me to which regiment I belonged.

I invented the name of a unit and had him convinced, but then he noticed my sandals—hardly military in fashion.

"Do the soldiers of your unit wear such shoes?" he asked me.

Fearing that my lie would be discovered, I began to tremble and my face looked guilty. Undeceived, he demanded that I lay down my weapons and depart.

Helpless, I complied with his instructions and took leave. Thus robbed of my revenge, I returned to my lodging, where, by degrees, my fears gave way and I began in my mind to thank the soldier for saving me from what might have been my destruction.

Finding it difficult to wean myself from love of revenge, I spent half the night very pensively. Rising at day-break, I went out looking for some diversion, by which I might take my mind off my grief and the thoughts of the injuries done me.

I roved about everywhere until, at last, I discovered a public gallery filled with some excellent paintings. I browsed among them for a long time, observing likenesses of Jupiter and Zeus, Apollo and Hyacinth.

The gods, I mused, are untroubled by problems of love. Jupiter, finding that no one can please his appetite, sins upon the earth itself; Apollo turns Hyacinth into a flower; every image enjoys its wishes without a rival. But, I—foolish mortal—have caressed, as my dearest friend, the greatest villain.

Now, while I was talking to myself thusly, there entered the gallery an old man, whose face was as pale as old age had made his hair. Yet, he seemed—I know not how—to bring with him an air of great soul, like a man who has suffered much and thus was forced to understand himself and the nature of things. A look at his tattered garments confirmed my observation. Fortune had indeed dealt unfavorably with him, so he had to be learned, fortune rarely, if ever, deals favorably with learned men. I learned later that my appraisal was correct; also that he was named Eumolpus.

In time, he made his way up to me, and told me that

he was a poet—one, he hoped, who was above the common herd.

"Why, therefore, are you so poorly dressed?" I asked him.

"Because, my friend," he said, "learning never made any man rich, but only taught him to despise riches. The merchant profits in coins, and the soldier in fame; the whore profits in both. But the learned man, as a lover of virtue, on account of his singularity, meets with contempt—for who can approve of someone who differs from himself? Since the learned man differs for everyone else, they all hate him, and he profits nothing save—only occasionally, mind you—the company of other learned men."

"You seem to suggest that learning and poverty are relations," I said to him.

"Yes, they are!" he answered me. "That's the whole point. The rich are not scholarly, and therefore they hate the scholars—ridiculing them when they can, abusing them when the opportunity presents itself. Accordingly, we suffer greatly. It is one of the greatest injustices in a basically unjust world."

The thought of injustice reminded me of Ascyrtos and Gito, and what they had done to me. Picturing the knaves in my mind, I sighed mightily.

"You just lament the condition of scholars," he said.

"You mistake me," I replied. "That's not the occasion of my sighs. There's another and much greater cause."

Then, as all men are naturally inclined to communicate their grief, I laid open my case to him, beginning with Ascyrtos' treachery, which I had aggravated by taking my pleasures with Gito in his presence, and continuing to that final moment when they walked out of the room at the inn together.

The old man, seeing that I was sincere, began to comfort me, holding my face against his chest and stroking my shoulder with his hand.

"I know exactly how you feel, my friend," he said. "I had a similar experience quite some time ago. In fact, if you like, I'll tell you about it, so that you may draw comfort from the knowledge that you have company in your misery."

"First, however, it is best for you that you get your mind off the matter completely. I can think of no better way than by having a little party with an hospitable woman or two; who knows, if we succeed in finding a couple good ones, maybe you'll forget that boys ever existed—at least, you'll forget for awhile, by which time you won't hurt so much."

"A splendid suggestion, my friend, and I appreciate your kind regard for my grief," I replied. "But, I'm a stranger here and don't know any woman at all—hospitable or otherwise."

He smiled wisely.

"That, my friend, is why we have whorehouses. There are certain men who consider themselves above transactions of this nature, reasoning that to pay a price for what can be had for free constitutes an acknowledgement of one's inability to get what he wants by his own merits. Well, none of that nonsense for me—I say the pleasure's all in the doing of the deed, not the pursuit. When I want to do it, I go out and pay for it; I satisfied my ego many years ago; now all I want to satisfy is my cock."

I agreed with the logic of his proposition and said that I felt he had stated his case extremely eloquently, I was about to offer to pay for both of us—since I saw he was penniless and I had a substantial amount of money at my lodgings—but he spoke before I could make the gesture.

"Besides, money isn't really a problem if you know a few tricks," he said, "and I happen to know one that worked quite well for me in other cities. Together, we may be able to put it into effect."

—turn to page 46

FAMILY, from page 8

cause there was never anything wrong with the rest of us. Certainly not with me.

Anyway, Gramma Serena started to fret about Cousin Turl because at five years old the only two words he could say were "hit" and "kill." And then, so Pomp told me, Cousin Turl used to do peculiar things to the newborn kittens we always seemed to have around the place, and Pomp never knew where he was going to find his razor when he wanted to shave.

About then, from what I understand, is when Cousin Turl's father is supposed to have cried, "My gawd, what kind of family have I married into?" And he took himself off to South America. That was when Gramma Serena put Cousin Turl in the cellar.

Well, say what you like, I thought the world of Cousin Turl because he was always good to me. Why, after he once realized that I didn't intend to steal his mice or spiders or cockroaches, he would even let me sit there with him and watch the things he did to them. And say, was he funny to see after he was through slobbering up his dinner!

He would gawk at his empty bowl and cup as if he couldn't understand where all his food had gone, and then he would say, "Duuah?" And suddenly he would slam the tray and everything on the floor and get up and start jumping up and down on them, and those two words of his would come spraying from his lips all covered with spittle and bits of food —

"Duuah — h-hit! K-kill!"

And wouldn't I laugh though!

But Cousin Turl was more than just a playmate for me. He was also a very good friend. You take for instance the time when I was fifteen and that big bully boy Toff Tyler, who was always calling me "Cuckoo" for no reason, pushed me into a dirty old mudhole in the schoolyard.

Well, there I was in that puddle and everybody laughing at me, and when I started to curse Toff he threw a handful of slimy mud right in my face. So I got up and tried to hit him with a rock, I was so mad, and he hit me when I could hardly see for the mud in my eyes and knocked me into the puddle again.

That was the one time I almost slipped and let out the family secret in my anger.

"I'll fix you, Toff Tyler! I'll get my cousin after you!"

"Haw! Ain't I just a-trembling in my boots I'm so scared? What cousin? Where's he got to come from? Some nuthouse in Richmond?"

"You'll see!" I cried. I was beside

myself with outrage. "You just bet you'll see!"

I went home seeing red. But I knew what I was going to do. Nobody could treat a Tope that way. We Topes have our pride. I remembered seeing an old length of chain in our attic once when I was up there catching some spiders for Cousin Turl. I got that chain and hid it in a laurel bush out back, and that night I told Pomp I'd take Cousin Turl his dinner again.

Cousin Turl was sitting on his cot in the dark, going "Hu hu," and pulling the legs from a fat green spider. But I didn't care about that.

"Here, Cousin Turl. Hurry up and eat your dinner. I'm going to take you for a walk tonight."

Cousin Turl was agreeable. He scooped up his food and crammed it in his mouth — what part of it he didn't get all over himself — and then looked at his empty bowl and cup

splinters fly!

God love him, he always was quick at picking up something new.

I HAD A BIT OF trouble getting through the woods and down the back alleys of town because the playful fella was having the time of his life pounding in garbage cans and the fenders and hoods and windows of park cars with that chain. But finally reached the far end of Mrs. Polk's back fence, and I peeked around the corner at Vardam's livery stable across the road.

I knew that Toff and his gang hung out behind the stable every night shooting craps, and I saw that he and the other young town hoodlums were hanging around in the moonlight telling smoking and dicing and telling each other dirty stories.

I pointed at them and whispered "Hit Cousin Turl."

"Duuah!" Cousin Turl said, and



and said, "Duuah?"

I didn't give him a chance to stomp his tray and things that night, because I had something better in mind for him. I took the tray away and tugged him by the hand.

"C'mon, Cousin Turl. C'mon. We'll go byby. See? Go byby with Jeb."

Cousin Turl's mouth dropped open and started to drool, and he said, "Duuah?" But he shuffled out of the room with me as peaceful as a lamb. Gramma Serena, Mammy Jo and Pomp didn't see or hear us go because they were in another part of the big mansion.

I drew the length of chain out of the laurel bush and said, "Watch now, Cousin Turl." I swung it around and around my head and slammed the free end against an oak trunk.

"Duuah!" Cousin Turl cried ecstatically, and he snatched the chain away from me and started belaboring the life out of the tree. "H-hit! K-kill!" And say — didn't the chips and

shuffled into the road, the chain dangling from his huge fist and dragging in the dirt.

Toff and his gang looked up and saw him hulking toward them, and I imagine it gave them a start. None of them had ever seen him before — nor anything like him. Six and a half feet tall and nearly three feet wide, he lumbered toward them like a shambling bear.

"Duuah — h-hit! K-kill!" Cousin T said.

Well, it was the grandest spectacle ever! What I mean to say — that swinging chain simply swept up the place. And the best part was that nobody could lay the blame for what happened on me. Because those who were fortunate enough to survive never even saw me. All they could tell the sheriff — when he visited them in the hospital — was that some great slobbering monster from out of nowhere had tacked them.

BUT HOW COULD I possibly explain Cousin Turl to a woman like my wife? No; she wouldn't even make an attempt to understand. She would simply use the information as the final reason for getting on her high horse and walking out on me.

Not that I didn't want to see her go. That would have been a blessing. But there was the ensuing scandal that I was concerned about. We Topes were a very old and proud family. To have our name blackened by divorce was out of the question.

But unfortunately, my wife, with typical Yankee female self-regard, had no qualms about scandal just so long as she could make her goal justify her feminine means . . .

There was this Peter McCarthy, a well-to-do land speculator from New York, who had been hanging around the town for some three weeks, trying in his most determined manner to get me to sell my ancestral acreage—which, even though I desperately needed the money, I did not want to do because our land dates back to Lord Fairfax' time in the 1750's. My wife thought otherwise.

"You will sell it to McCarthy! I'm sick and tired of living in this rat-warren relic of the Civil War. I want money and security!"

"Now, dear," I said placatingly, "please don't talk about the Civil War. You know how it pains me."

"Yes!" she nearly screamed at me. "Oh yes, I know how it pains you. So much so that every Tope since the war has sat here in this decaying museum on the empty glories of what his great-grandfather did a hundred years ago at Bull Run. Well, I happen to know that you can't find sustenance in the pages of an old history book! I want money and all it can buy, and I mean to get it with or without you. And if you won't come to terms with Peter..."

It was her unexpected use of McCarthy's first name that suddenly brought me to my senses, and I began to realize that I had underestimated my wife's hunger for money. It was right after that when I started to conduct a series of secret observations, telling my wife that I had to go to Richmond on some minor legal matters and would not be back until the following day.

I worked this ruse three times, but I never did go to Richmond. I stayed out in the north woods until nightfall, and then I would sneak back into the house by way of the unused east wing. My observations on all three of these occasions were most appalling. Disgraceful conduct. And right under Great Aunt Melanie's portrait too!

Gramma Serena and Mammy Jo had been dead and gone for a number of years, and only poor old Pomp re-

mained to help me about the place. But Pomp's sight had dimmed with cataracts, and it was before his innocent opaque eyes that my faithless wife and Peter McCarthy were conducting an illicit affair.

I was shocked, outraged. And, if you must know the truth, frightened. I could see the inevitable handwriting on the wall. My wife, in her avaricious frenzy, would run off with Peter McCarthy when he decided to return to the North. Oh yes, he would willingly take her with him, because my wife was still very young, very attractive, and very, very sensual. I was inexorably slated to become the deserted and divorced Mr. Tope.

The shame of it! I mean to say, consider the scandal and the undeserved notoriety that was about to attach itself to the Tope name. It was not only unthinkable, it was up to me as the last of the Topes to prevent it.

"I have to make another trip to Richmond," I told my wife.

She was lounging on the day bed in her Chanel-scented room, resplendent in one of those tight-fitting gold spangled sheaths which I could not afford. She didn't even stop turning the pages of her fashion magazine when she said:

"Oh? Are they putting wreaths on Jefferson Davis' grave today?"

"I believe his birthday was in June," I said kindly. "At any rate, I shan't be back until late tomorrow."

"I shall be desolate until your return," my wife said, and turned another page.

"I'll tell Pomp to see what he can do about fixing your dinner," I said.

"Don't bother. I really haven't much appetite left for hominy and grits, or whatever that yeech is he thinks he cooks."

I left the house and drove off in my rattley station wagon. But not far. Only to the north wood. Then, when it was dark, I slipped through the weedy old formal gardens and into a witch hobble that was growing along the dead magnolia drive. I waited, smiling to myself.

A car came down the road about nine o'clock. It turned into the drive and puled into a setback among the rotting trees. Peter McCarthy got out, looked around, and started walking up to the house. I let him go. I came out of the thicket only after my wife had let him in by the side door. Then I slipped around to the east wing and let myself in.

Poor innocent old Pomp was dozing in his chair in the kitchen. I didn't disturb him. I slipped up the narrow stairs to the attic and got the length of chain. Then I got the key from Pomp's coat pocket and stole down into the cellar and unlocked Cousin Turl's door.

Well, was he glad to see his old chain again! And no wonder. He hadn't seen it once in the past twenty-five years. Bless his old heart, he started to pound his cot apart with it as soon as he got it in his hands. But I hastily put a stop to that. I didn't want to frighten my wife and Mr. McCarthy with any untoward noises.

"Now, now, Cousin Turl, mustn't make noise. You come with Jeb. Jeb will show you something to smash. C'mon. That's a good boy."

I led him across the cellar, him making little playful passes at the old barrels and boxes with his chain, and up the stairs and along the webby corridor, cautioning him again and again—

"Quiet—quiet, Cousin Turl. Mustn't wake poor old Pomp. You like old Pomp, don't you, Cousin Turl?"

"Duuuh."

"Of course you do. And now we go up these back stairs—but ever so quietly! You remember these stairs, don't you? Remember when you tied the rope across them when you were four, and your daddy tripped and nearly broke his back falling all the way down the stairs?"

"Hu hu!" Cousin Turl laughed.

"Now easy—gently. Jeb will open the door—so. And we will go tippytoe down the hall..."

I drew him along the darkened corridor to my wife's room. The door was closed and no light showed through the bottom crack. But it didn't matter. Cousin Turl had eyes like a cat. I eased open the door and shoved at his massive back.

"Hit!" I whispered.

Cousin Turl shuffled into the dark bedroom, swishing at the air with his chain. Very quietly I closed the door and locked it from the outside with the key I had pocketed earlier. And for a moment, I put my ear to the panel and listened.

"Duuuh—h-hit! K-kill!"

Smiling, I went away and left the dear old soul to enjoy himself.

WELL, THERE YOU ARE. And nothing remains but for me to go down to the kitchen and have a short talk with Pomp. He was born on our land and he is as much a part of the family as I am. The loyal old man would rather die than bring discredit to the Topes. He will say what I tell him we have to say, and he will understand.

I really do hate to do this to Cousin Turl. I mean, to have to turn him in to the law as if he were just any homicidal stranger who had wandered in off the road. But what can I do? I have to consider the Tope name, don't I? Anyhow, maybe they'll have spiders and mice in that place where Cousin Turl is going. At least some cockroaches he can play with.





An improbable allegory of human history
compressed for a very small time capsule

A SHORT SHORT STORY OF MANKIND

by John Steinbeck

IT WAS PRETTY DRAFTY in the cave in the middle of the afternoon. There wasn't any fire—the last spark had gone out six months ago and the family wouldn't have any more fire until lightning struck another tree.

Joe came into the cave all scratched up and some hunks of hair torn out and he flopped down on the wet ground and bled—Old William was arguing away with Old Bert who was his brother and also his son, if you look at it one way.

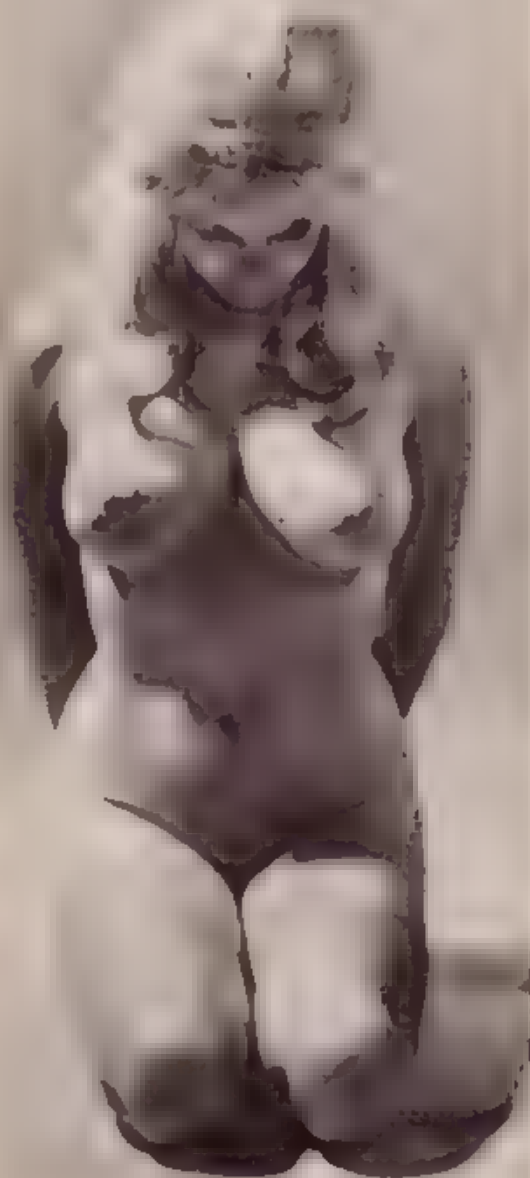
They were quarreling mildly over a spoiled chunk of mammoth meat.

Old William said, "Why don't you give some to your mother?"

"Why?" asked Old Bert. "She's my wife, isn't she?"

—turn the page

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MANKIND, from page 43

And that finished that, so they both took after Joe.

"Where's Al?" one of them asked and the other said, "You forgot to roll the rock in front of the door."

Joe didn't even look up and the two old men agreed that kids were going to the devil. "I tell you it was different in my day," Old William said. "They had some respect for their elders or they got what for."

After a while Joe stopped bleeding and he caked some mud on his cuts. "Al's gone," he said.

Old Bert asked brightly, "Saber tooth?"

"No, it's that new bunch that moved into the copse down the draw. They ate Al."

"Savages," said Old William. "Still live in trees. They aren't civilized. We don't hardly ever eat people."

Joe said, "We got hardly anybody to eat except relatives and we're getting low on relatives."

"Those foreigners!" said Old Bert.

"Al and I dug a pit," said Joe. "We caught a horse and those tree people came along and ate our horse. When we complained, they ate Al."

"Well, you go right out and get us one of them and we'll eat him," Old William said.

"Me and who else?" said Joe. "Last time it was warm there was 12 of us here. Now there's only four. Why, I saw my own sister Sally sitting up in a tree with a savage. Had my heart set on Sally, too, Pa." Joe went a little uncertainly, because Old William was not only his father, but his uncle and his first and third cousins and his brother-in-law. "Pa, why don't we join up with those tree people. They've got a net kind of thing to catch all sorts of animals. They do better than we do."

"Son," said Old William, "they're foreigners, that's why. They live in trees. We can't associate with savages. How'd you like your sister to marry a savage?"

"She did!" said Joe. "We could have them come and live in our cave. Maybe they'd show us how to use that net thing."

"Never," said Old Bert. "We couldn't trust 'em. They might eat us in our sleep."

"If we didn't eat them first," said Joe. "I sure would like to have me a nice juicy piece of savage right now. I'm hungry."

"Next thing you know, you'll be saying those tree people are as good as us," Old William said. "I never saw such a boy. Why, where'd authority be? Those foreigners would take over. We'd have to look up to 'em. They'd outnumber us."

"I hate to tell you this, Pa," Joe, "I've got a busted arm. I can't dig pits any more—neither can you. You're too old. Bert can't either. We've got to merge up with the tree people or we aren't gonna do anything or anybody."

"Over my dead body," said Old William, and then he saw Joe's arm on his skinny flank and he said, "Now, Joe, don't you go getting ideas about your pa."

Well, a long time ago before the tribe first moved out of the dripping cave, there was a man named Elmer. He piled up some rocks in a circle and laid brush on top and took up living there. The elders killed Elmer right off. If anybody could go off and live by himself, why, where would authority be? But pretty soon, the elders moved into Elmer's house and then the other families made houses just like it. It was pretty nice with no water dripping in your face.

So, they made Elmer a god—to swear by him. Said he was

Everything was going along when another tribe moved into the valley. They didn't have Elmer's houses, though. They shackled up some tents. But you know, they had some kind of a gadget that shot little sticks... shot them a long way. They could just stand still and shoot off a pig, oh... 50 yards away. Wouldn't have to run it down. Maybe get a tusk in the groin.

The skin tribe shot so much game that naturally the Elmer elders thought those savages had to be got rid of. They didn't even know about Elmer—that's how ignorant they were. The old people sharpened a lot of sticks and fired the points and they said, "Now you young fellows go out and drive those skin people away. You can't fail because you've got Elmer on your side."

Now, it seems that a long time ago there was a skin man named Max. He thought up this stick shooter so he killed him, naturally, but afterwards they said he was the sun. So, it was a war between Elmer, the moon, and Max, the sun, but in the course of a whole slew of young skin men and a whole slew of young Elmer men were killed. Then a forest fire broke out and drove the game away. Elmer people and skin people had to tuck up for the hills all together. The elders of both tribes never would accept the other. They complained until they died.

You can see from this that the world started going to pot right from the beginning. Things would be going along fine—law and order and that and the elders in charge. Then, some smart aleck would invent something and spoil the whole business.

ness — like the man Ralph who forgot to kill all the wild chickens he caught and had to build a hen house, or like the real trouble-maker, Jopo *au front du chien*, who patted some seeds into damp ground and invented farming. Of course, they tore Jopo's arms and legs off and rightly so because when people plant seeds, they can't go golly-wacking around the country enjoying themselves. When you've got a crop in, you stay with it and get the weeds out of it and harvest it. Furthermore, everything and everybody wants to take your crop away from you — weeds — bugs — birds — animals — men—. A farmer spends all his time fighting something off. The elders can call on Elmer all they want, but that won't keep the neighbors from over the hill out of your


around picking over the crop of wheat and girls and when they'd worked over their own valley, they'd go rollicking over the hill to see what the neighbors had stored up or born. Then the strong boys from over the hill would come rollicking back and what they couldn't carry off they burned until pretty soon it was more dangerous to be protected than not to be. Bussy took everything loose up to his fort to protect it and very little ever came back down. He figured his grandfather was Elmer now and that made him different from other people. How many people do you know that have the moon in their family?

By now the elders had confused protection with virtue because Bussy passed out his surplus to the better people. The elders were pretty hard

There's always going to be a joker. This one was named Harry and he said, "Those ignorant pigs over the hill don't have any willows so they don't have any baskets, but you know what they do? — benighted though they are, they take mud and pat it out and put it in the fire and you can boil water in it. I'll bet if we took them some baskets they'd give us some of those baked mud pots." They had to hang Harry head down over a bonfire. Nobody can put a knife in the status quo and get away with it. But it wasn't long before the basket people got to sneaking over the hill and coming back with pots. Bussy tried to stop it and the elders were right with him. It took people away from the fields, exposed them to dangerous ideas. Why, pots got to be like money and money is worse than an idea. Bussy himself said, "Makes folks restless — why, it makes a man think he's as good as the ones that got it a couple of generations earlier," and how's that for being un-Elmer? The elders agreed with Bussy, of course, but they couldn't stop it, so they all had to join in. Bussy took half the pots they brought back and pretty soon he took over the willow concession so he got the whole thing.

And then some savages moved up on the hill and got to raiding the basket and pot trade. The only thing to do was for Bussy, the basket, to marry the daughter of Willy, the pot, and when they all died off, Herman Pot-Basket pulled the whole business together and made a little state and that worked out fine.

Well, it went on from state to league and from league to nation. (A nation usually had some kind of natural boundary like an ocean or a mountain range or a river to keep it from spilling over). It worked out fine until a bunch of jokers invented long-distance stuff like directed missiles and atom bombs. Then a river or an ocean didn't do a bit of good. It got too dangerous to have separate nations just as it had been to have separate families.

When people are finally faced with extinction, they have to do something about it. Now we've got the United Nations and the elders are right in there fighting it the way they fought coming out of caves. But we don't have much choice about it. It isn't any goodness of heart and we may not want to go ahead but right from the cave time we've had to choose and so far we've never chosen extinction. It'd be kind of silly if we killed ourselves off after all this time. If we do, we're stupider than the cave people and I don't think we are. I think we're just exactly as stupid and that's pretty bright in the long run. 



com crib.

Well, there was a strong boy named Rudolph, but called Bussy. Bussy would break his back wrestling but he wouldn't bring in an armload of wood. Bussy just naturally liked to fight and he hated to work, so he said, "You men just plant your crops and don't worry. I'll take care of you. If anybody bothers you, I'll clobber 'em. You can give me a few chickens and a couple of handfuls of grits for my trouble."

The elders blessed Bussy and pretty soon they got him mixed up with Elmer. Bussy went right along with them. He gathered a dozen strong boys and built a fort up on the hill to take care of those farmers and their crops. When you take care of something, pretty soon you own it.

Bussy and his boys would stroll

on anybody who complained. They said it was a sin. Well, the farmers built a wall around the hill to sit in when the going got rough. They hated to see their crops burn up, but they hated worse to see themselves burn up and their wife Agnes and their daughter Clarinda.

About that time the whole system turned over. Instead of Bussy protecting them, it was their duty to protect him. He said he got the idea from Elmer one full-moon night.

People spent a lot of time sitting behind the wall waiting for the smoke to clear and they began to fool around with willows from the river, making baskets. And it's natural for people to make more things than they need.

Now, it happens often enough so that you can make a rule about it.

SATYRICON, from page 39

He explained the plan to me, and I had to agree that the risk was small and the rewards comparatively great. I promised to go along with him on it, whereupon we immediately took leave of the gallery and visited the first whorehouse we could find.

The house was a small, unimpressive structure, obviously patronized primarily by a lesser class of citizen. The plaque on the front door contained a list of only five whores, the higher of whose price was a mere 10 sesterces.

"There is nothing quite as quaint as a low-class whorehouse," my poet friend smiled to me as he rapped on the door. "Now, let us see if we can con the whoremaster."

It was a tall, burly fellow who answered the door. Long accustomed to dealing with the occupants of the social ladder's lesser rungs, he automatically sneered at us before asking what we wanted.

"We would like to buy your plaque," said my friend. "How much do you want for it?"

The whoremaster frowned and declared that we must be daft.

"I'll give you 20 sesterces for it," I said, taking the



coins from my pocket. "Surely it's not worth half that."

"Then why are you willing to pay so much?" he asked suspiciously.

"What concern is it of yours?" asked Eumolpus. "If we're fools enough to pay so high a price, why not be wise enough to take advantage of us."

The deception was rather thin, but the masters of low-class whorehouses are not inclined to argue when a cash transaction is imminent—particularly if they think themselves to be the beneficiaries of such a transaction. Satisfied that no harm could come him were he to agree to selling the plaque, the whoremaster quickly took my coins from me, removed the plaque from the wall and handed it to us.

"And now," said Eumolpus, "if you will be so kind, would you supply us with a receipt; it is not common for men to walk the streets with such an object in their possession, and, unless we can actually prove that we are the rightful owners we may run afoul of the law."

Shrugging, the whoremaster scribbled a bill of sale, upon the receipt of which Eumolpus and I departed.

Now, as we walked the streets carrying our possession,

we were stopped by an officer of the law, who inquired where we had obtained it and under what circumstances. When we told him that we had purchased it, he refused to believe us, and took us to a magistrate. Only after displaying our bill of sale were we permitted to go our way.

Not long after being released by the magistrate, we encountered another officer of the law, who reacted the first one had. Subsequently, there were three more officers who arrested us.

By nightfall, we had made five appearances before three separate magistrates; I, myself, was quite tired, began to wonder if the plan of Eumolpus was worth the bother; my poet friend, however, seemed convinced that everything was going as scheduled.

After a small supper, which we ate at my lodgings, we returned to the streets—this time without the plaque we had bought. Our first stop was a very high-class whorehouse in one of the better sections of town, where Eumolpus, without much ado, took the plaque from the wall and hurried off with it. Stopped by an officer, we appeared before a magistrate again—one of those we had visited earlier in the afternoon—displayed our bill of sale, and were quickly released.

In this manner, we proceeded to steal each of the plaques on each of the whorehouses in the city. Throwing our booty in my room, we went into hiding for three days.

On the fourth day, by which time the theft of the plaques was a subject of conversation throughout the city, we proceeded to each of the whorehouses we had robbed and told the whoremasters that we knew where the plaques were; furthermore, that we would retrieve them if they, in return, would allow each of us a night with the highest priced whores in the house.

Since the girls' services were the whoremaster's to do with as he liked, and since the cost of the stolen plaques was quite high—particularly in the more exclusive houses—we had no difficulty convincing all we approached that it would be desirable to strike up such a bargain with us.

Accordingly, we returned plaques and collected rewards—thus, we wound up spending a night each with all the highest priced whores in the city. Considering the paucity investment of 20 sesterces, it was indeed a bargain.

Now, after we had made the last of our visits, Eumolpus and I retired again to my lodgings. I was forced to admit that I was in considerably better spirits.

"You see, my friend," he told me, "there are few things that a little good, honest mischief won't help a man cope with. The rich can forget their problems by contemplating their wealth; we intellectuals must do so by exercising our wits."

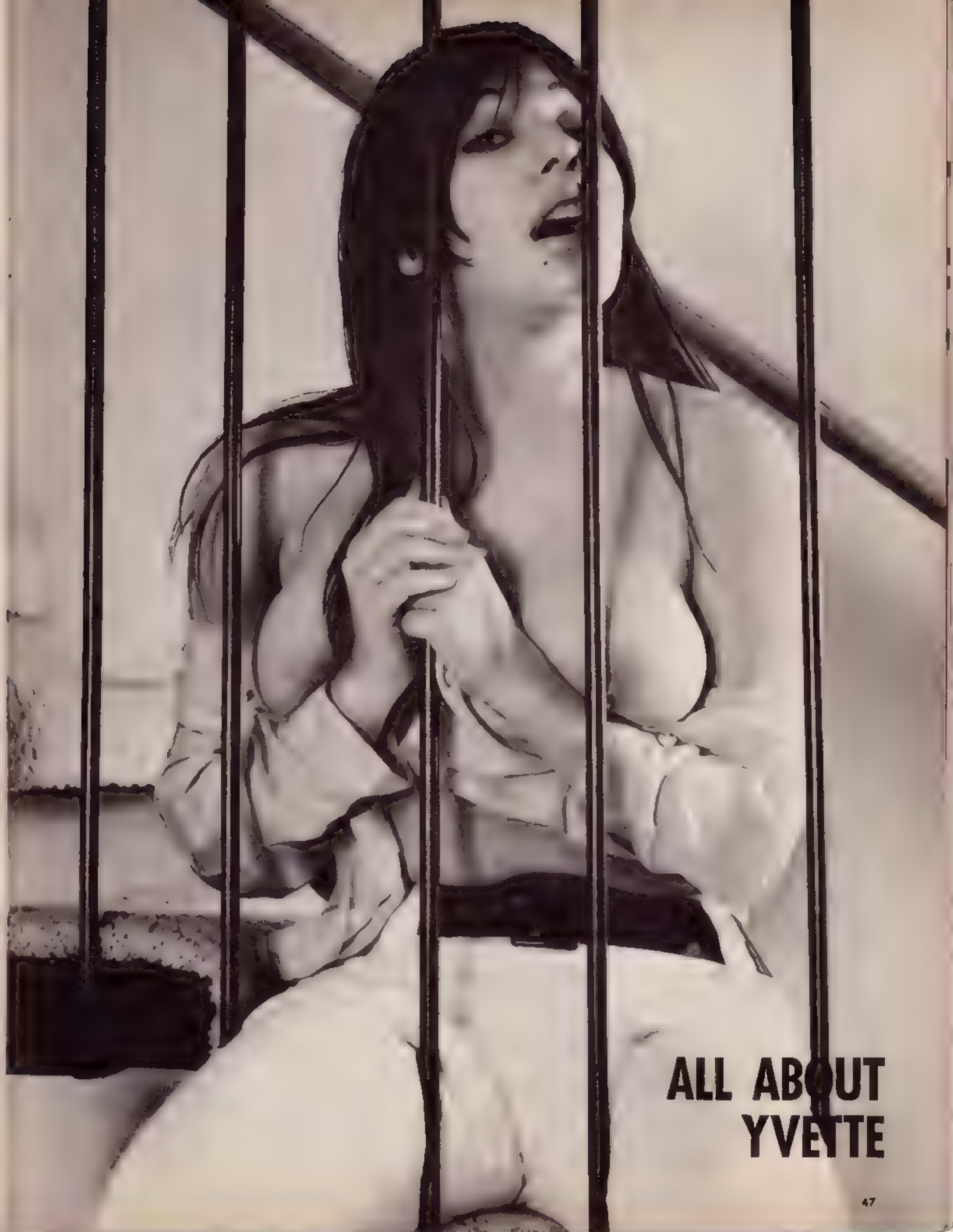
"I'm afraid," I admitted, "I still haven't forgotten my problem. I must admit that you've helped me think about it less, but it nonetheless remains to haunt me during the periods when I lower my mental guard."

He nodded sadly.

"And so it will, my friend, for a good time yet to come. Such are the ways of emotional attachments. I sometimes wonder if we might not be better off if we divorced ourselves completely from emotional liaisons—simply refused to be a party to them; instead, spent our time in contemplation of reality. True, our pleasures would be fewer, but so would our pains. It's the first law of nature: you can't have one without the other."

"It's a theory worth thinking about," I admitted.

"Think about it then," he replied. "But first, let me tell you the story I promised. You'll recall that I said my problem would bother you for some time yet. Obviously, it has been nearly thirty years since the experience I am about to relate to you, yet it still bothers me. Such is the price of emotional satisfaction; such is the tariff of life."
(TO BE CONTINUED)



ALL ABOUT YVETTE



"I'M SUCCESSFUL because I'm aware of myself," says charming Yvette Marne, model artist, hair-and-dress designer—and, as she puts it, successful at all four.

"I know my own capabilities, what I can or cannot do, and I never start what I know I can't finish," she explains. "Some people call it positive thinking, but I prefer to term it un negative thinking. There are things I can't, or won't do—such as driving a bread truck—but rather than dwell on why I can't do them, I just don't think of them at all. It's simpler."



Yvette Marne, 35-25-37, is living proof of the benefits of self-study





**From feeding goldfish,
to studying Huxley,
Yvette is an 'ideal student'**

While it may be true that sweet Yvette can't drive a bread truck, there sn't much else deleted from her list of successes. She has studied, on a university level, philosophy, psychology, oratory, acting, make-up artistry . . . and the list goes on. To date, she has featured in an Olympic International motion-picture and fashion modeled in some leading women's magazines.

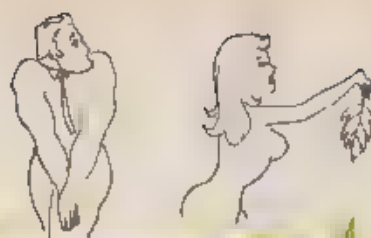
Her likes and dislikes? "Men," she says, "I like men that are mentally and physically mature. And the two things that I simply can't stand are wasted time and men that are frustrated

"My one ambition is to never stop learning. I would love to spend the rest of my life just studying and expanding my natural awareness." ❀





Adam's



TALES

DUCK

Question: What's black, lives in trees, and is dangerous as hell?
Answer: A crow with a machine gun

...



GOSSIP

Two secretaries overheard at our watercooler:

"Did you hear that Eunice is getting married again?"

"She is! I didn't even know she was pregnant!"

...

IF YOU'VE GOT A CHOICE...

The doctor had just finished giving a young man a physical checkup, and he shook his head sadly.

"You're close to dead," the doctor told him. "The best thing for you to do is give up smoking, drinking, get plenty of sleep and stay away from the women."

"I don't think that I really deserve the best," said the young man, after a moment's thought. "Do you have a second best?"

...

A HISTORICAL NOTE

We just learned that the phrase "Hurrah for our side!" dates back to the crowds that lined the streets when Lady Godiva made her famous ride.

...

THEY SMELL BAD

The passionate young miss was beside herself with desire. But after two hours of detailed petting on the couch, the naive young swain that she was entertaining still hadn't made the "improper" advances.

Finally, in exasperation, and hoping to get his attention at least in the right location, she leaned towards him and whispered seductively, "Would you like to see where they operated on my appendicitis?"

"Hell no," he replied. "I can't stand hospitals!"

...

Adam



"I had to dress in a hurry to get here on time."

GAMING FOR FUN

We have a young secretary who thinks strip-poker is a wonderful game --because the guys always give back her clothes when they finish playing...

...

... AND WITHOUT A DIAPER, TOO!

Heard the one about the absent-minded professor who walked into the men's room, unbuttoned his vest and pulled out his tie?

...



PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

"Sir," said the young man to his prospective father-in-law, "I would like to ask for your daughter's hand in marriage."

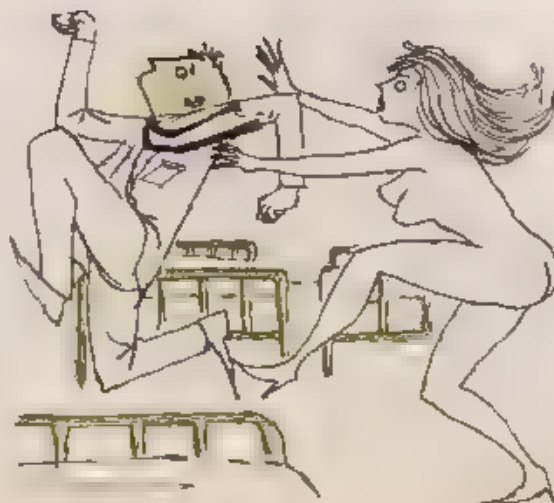
"Impossible," snorted the father. "You don't make enough money to keep her in the manner to which she has grown accustomed."

"We have discussed that matter," replied the young man, "and my daughter says that she will gladly live on whatever I earn."

"But what of later? You may make a 'mistake,' and then you'll have a little-one to support as well."

"Well -- that's true, sir," came the thoughtful answer. "But we've been pretty lucky so far..."

...





DISCOVER THE JOY OF WINNING!

GAMBLING FOR PLEASURE & PROFIT

Perhaps we're stretching the point a bit with the photo above. Your object in discovering the joy of winning may not be to acquire a Sultan's fortune, complete with lovely harem girls, but there is both pleasure and profit in knowing how to gamble and win. I've yet to meet anyone who likes to lose... and there's really no reason to do so. I can prove to you that there is no such thing as a born loser only bad gamblers.

GAMBLING SECRETS REVEALED

"The World's Greatest Gambling Systems" is the most unique, forthright and honest book on gambling ever written. It is not a book for beginners or the curious looking for adventure stories or entertainment. It is not a book of mathematical computer computations that really don't work... even if you were allowed to play them. It is not a book by a self-styled expert whose only claim to riches is his ability to "con" you into buying his book. It's not even my book alone. I'm not an expert on every gambling system in this book nobody is. However, I know people who are. There are

people I know who win consistently at the game of their choice. In each case they have a method of play (a "system" if you wish) that works for them time and time again. Some are willing to net \$100 or \$200 a week with their system. Others shoot for much higher stakes... and win! Some systems are based upon betting, some on converting the odds in your favor, some have an element of chance, some are absolutely 100% fool-proof... you cannot lose. In every case, I was able to obtain the system of play from a person who has used it successfully for years. In every case, I checked out the system thoroughly before putting it into this book. I've even included certain systems that absolutely won't work and I show you why because you'll be amazed how many times these "bad" systems are written about in books and actually used by unsuspecting readers. "The World's Greatest Gambling Systems" is a completely honest book for people serious about improving their gambling "luck." I've never seen any to equal it and I should know because I've read them all. The strongest reason I can give you for buying this book is the simple truth... it works!

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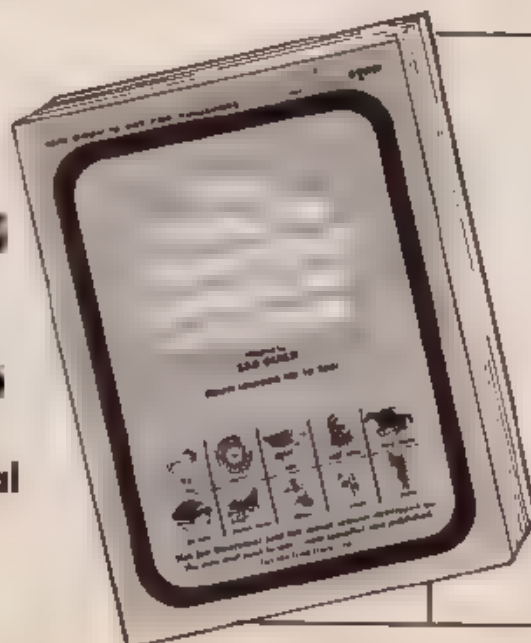


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PLAY A SAD SONG AND I'LL DANCE

The question
was, why was his
wife dead?

FOR THE LAST THREE WEEKS I've been drunk. And I do not mean that I have been drunk of a social fun-fun-fun nature: I have been dead going-to-sleep-in my-own-puke drunk. And that is drunk.

I've tried to pull myself together and come off it but each morning when I awaken the only way I can possibly ease the hangover pains is to gulp a few stiff ones. And by then it really doesn't matter anymore so I continue drinking for ten-twelve hours and pass out again. I don't know when I last changed clothes or bathed and I think I probably stink. But does it really matter?

This morning while I was still suffering with the throbbing in the back of my head and the actual pain in my legs I went into the bedroom, our bedroom. And I stared at the bed. I even walked over and touched it, caressed the pillow where her head had once rested. And I cried. It helped some, crying. It took me three weeks to cry.

Standing there with my hand on her pillow, the one on the right side of the bed, I had the strange feeling that she was still there because I could smell the lemony perfume she used to wear to bed. But that was all.

all that was left of her. A slight lingering odor of lemon.

Then the doorbell rang. I answered it to find Mrs. Hedger standing there on my front steps, sad-eyed, with a bowl of soup in her hands. Mrs. Hedger lives on the north side in the Spanish style home with the lemon trees in the backyard. Her husband died three years ago.

"I brought you some soup, Harry—"

"Thank you, Mrs. Hedger. But I really . . . I don't think I can eat it."

"How long has it been —"

"Thank you, Mrs. Hedger," I said and tried to shut the door. But she pushed her way in. She insisted on a short visit with my grief. Or guilt.

"I want you to know we . . . all the neighbors. We all feel so sorry about it. There's some talk about you blaming yourself and you can't do that—"

And what made this silly old woman think I couldn't do that?

"We all loved Doreen," she continued. "She was just like a daughter to me. You don't know how hurt I was when you . . . when they decided to make it a private funeral and none of us could pay our respects. You don't know what it is for me, living over there by myself and looking out my kitchen window expecting Doreen

to come out and walk to the fence for a visit. You just don't realize . . ."

She went on and on and on. Mrs. Hedger, you old fool, did you look out your kitchen window and see *him* with her? Did you and the rest of the lousy stinking neighbors who are so grief-stricken watch him come into my house—our—house? Did you time his visits? Did you time their sex? And when I came home from work did you peep out from behind your curtains and say 'there goes poor Harry. Wonder what is going to happen when he finds out?' You did, didn't you Mrs. Hedger? Of course you did.

"— I went around myself and collected the money from everyone. Were they beautiful? We didn't get to see them —"

Too bad, Mrs. Hedger. Too damned bad. There were no flowers at Doreen's funeral. No flowers, no friends, no neighbors. We sent all your god-damn flowers to a hospital. There was me. And there was Doreen's mother. And the preacher. And the funeral director. That's all. And Doreen had one white rose in her hands. Did you know she liked white roses? She carried one white rose the day we were

— turn to page 56

by
RAYMOND
FRIDAY LOCKE

-NUDIST-

INFORMATION: How to locate nudist parks—how to join a nudist camp, etc. The true "inside" facts about social nudism from a person who has lived as a nudist for many years in the company of men, women and children of all ages, naked and unashamed. How do these people live? What do they do? How do they feel? Is sex rampant? If not, how do they manage? All these questions and 35 more are answered. Send \$1 for 36-page illustrated booklet, names and addresses of 100 nudist camps, and a 20 page catalog of nudist products. Sent under plain sealed cover. Rush name, address and \$1 today to

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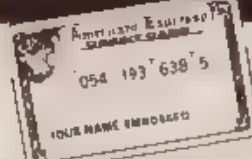
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SAD SONG, from page 55

married. But that was before you knew her. That was before we lived here. Before we learned, even, that I could never father Doreen's baby. And long before our marriage, our marriage that was going to be a honeymoon forever... before it fell apart.

"— Now you eat some of this soup and get yourself cleaned up. How about your office? Your practice? Whatever are you doing about your clients? Mrs. James told me that you were one of the sharpest young lawyers in the city, interested in politics and all —"

None of your goddamned business, old lady. My precious clients can go hang. You can go hang and take that reeking soup with you. And your concern. Especially your concern.

"— Of course none of them know the circumstances... what made her do it. Of course I know. Couldn't help but knowing —"

You bet your sweet ass you know, Mrs. Hedger. I wouldn't be surprised if you didn't sneak through the gate and up to the window and watch them a few times. Watch James Bowers take my wife into his sweaty, hairy arms, watch him make love to her in the bed where I failed her. Watch him pump his ass up and down...

"— I saw him come here. Never said a thing about it. Came here day after day and always stayed exactly two hours, from about five after two until just after four. Some days he'd miss but I'd guess he was here three, four days a week. I never said one word about it. Others noticed it, of course, how could they help but? But me, I keep my nose clean and out of my neighbors' business. Doreen wants to entertain her husband's friends when he ain't home, that's Doreen's business the way I looked at it —"

How, Mrs. Hedger? Why must you lie? Doreen is dead and you're standing... now you're sitting in her living room saying she... saying that her actions were no concern of yours while she was alive. But she's dead, Mrs. Hedger. She has been dead exactly three weeks. She is buried. In the ground, buried. Oh, God, Mrs. Hedger, let us play her hi-fi. Let us play a song and remember the things that were Doreen. They never did concern you but let us play a sad song and remember them.

"— Of course I don't know the circumstances. I don't know and I don't want to know. Why a pretty young girl would kill herself. I mean there are other ways. What she was doing. Well, I mean according to reports I've

read on the subject nearly half women in this country do that at time or another. It's not as if it's — It don't make it right just because they all do it, but for her to kill self —"

You really do want to know? Doreen killed herself, don't you? silly old bat. You think you can up some lousy goddam soup, come over here and find out the details, the few that you don't already know. You really think that, you, you old cow. Sitting there on Doreen's sofa with your little big eyes flitting about, picking up details, tell everyone up and down the street about and with your little pinched-up mouth working like you actually think you're going to tell the rest of the story out of Harry. Keep talking lady. If I tell you the really juicy part, the reason Doreen killed herself, the shit bats getting to that telephone yours. You'd have yourself. But you're going to suffer, old lady. I'm going to play Doreen's hi-fi.

"— She always did like her music. Had that record player going from noon to midnight, didn't she?"

Did she play it while he was here? Did she play it for James Bowers? And did you watch through the window while he took her into his arms and danced around the floor? Did you watch closely, Mrs. Hedger. Look very closely and you can still see her dancing. I can. See her there in front of the fireplace? See? She's wearing her green dress. The one that sort of floats when she moves, the one that shows her firm tanned breasts. I do.

"— And I told her to shut her mouth about it. I came right up and said, 'you shut your mouth, James. We don't know the first thing about it. After all Mrs. Henderson and Mr. Bowers are friends. James Bowers and Mr. Henderson are partners and we do not know the circumstances of his visits' were exactly my very words. So, you see, no one else really knows the truth but me. And you. So you can hold your tongue up as high as you want to be, your secret is as safe with me as it would be in a bank vault —"

My secret. But you don't know my secret, old lady. I killed her, that's my secret. I killed her.

"— She always did like the music loud too. Can't stand it that loud herself. A person can't hear herself with music playing that loud —"

I like the music loud or half-loud. You noticed these past three weeks. Come on, old lady. Let's play a sad song and we'll dance. No, no, play a very sad song and I'll dance. I'll dance with Doreen. I'll hold

in my arms and dance around the room while you watch. And I'll feel the slick glaze of her floating green dress beneath my hands, in my arms. And under the floating green Doreen will be warm, firm, responding to my touch, following my lead. But we buried Doreen in her new green dress that sort of floated when she walked.

"—And what you ought to do is get out of this house. Just get completely away from here. Too many memories here, too many things to remind you of her. And I know exactly what you are going through. When my mister died, oh Lord. What I went through. I wanted to go with him. I just didn't see how I was going to go on. Everything I touched reminded me of him. Everywhere I looked there was something, some little thing that made me remember—"

Memories, old lady? What do you know about memories? Would you

drink on talking it out of one's system. Keep trying. You haven't reached me yet. Not yet am I ready to tell you why Doreen killed herself but she didn't really. You'd mother cats if you knew that I killed her, wouldn't you? I didn't hold the pistol in her mouth and pull the trigger but I killed her. No, she managed the physical act of shooting herself, blowing her brains out all over the bathroom floor, all by herself. You know that much. You heard the shot. You were the one who called the police. You even called my office before the police got here. But you didn't get the satisfaction of telling me about it. I deprived you of that and I really am sorry. It could have been your great moment in life.

"—I told my sister intimate details of our life together. Told her everything we'd ever done and things we'd said to each other I never thought I could tell anybody. Then I had myself a long cry and the worst part

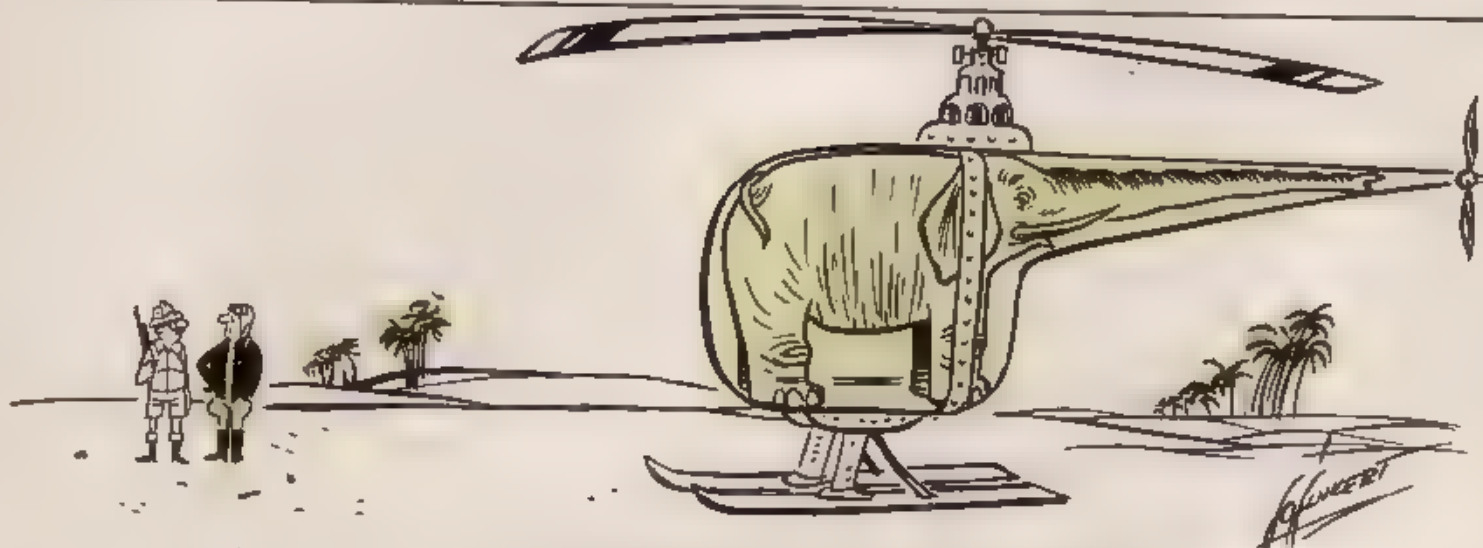
thing like that! Didn't I tell Ada James with my own mouth it was something like that and nothing at all like what *they* were trying to make it out to be? I did—standing right in my front yard. I just knew it all along. That poor, poor child. Cancer. I bet that's what it was, wasn't it? Now I recall how wan and all she looked that last month or so. That poor, poor child. Couldn't face it, could she? And the Lord will understand that. It wasn't her hand that did it but His hand took her. Lord help us and her so young, so full of life."

"Yes."

"Now you just stop fretting like you are. There was nothing you could do about it. You just have to go on without her somehow. Make the best of things—"

She was standing now, the old hag, and there were actually tears in her eyes. God, what a balm this day was going to be to her.

Adam



"Yes, he fits in all right, but didn't you overlook one minor detail?"

like to see our bed? Would you like to see the bed where James Bowers made love to Doreen three or four afternoons a week while you waited behind your lousy curtains? Would you like to touch the bed? But it wouldn't be the same to you. You never loved her. You never made love to her on that bed. But it's that bed that's haunting me. The same bed where I loved her and where he loved her. I can't sleep in it, can't even lie down on it. But I can't go too far away from it either. You wouldn't understand that, old lady. And I'm not sure that I understand that.

"—Talking about it with someone does help. A while after my mister died I went to visit my sister in Oakland. I sat down and told her everything. Everything. It really did help, talking it all out of your system. It makes you finally realize they're gone."

Oh, sure. I'll pour myself another drink on that one. If you'd break down and have one with me we could

was over—"

God. And I'm supposed to be the lawyer here, the courtroom hotshot. Compared to you, old lady, I stutter.

"Mrs. Hedger?" I said and the sound of my voice almost knocked her off her seat.

"What?" she asked, her mouth pinched, almost smug. She actually thought I was going to tell her something.

And I was.

"Mrs. Hedger, Doreen killed herself because there was something wrong. Internally. I don't want to go into detail about it but I will tell you that it was very serious. And she just didn't feel that she could face it. She wasn't up to living with it. She was doing some work for James Bowers, helping him with a book he's writing. Taking dictation. She used to be my secretary, you know. And she was a very good one. And you remember how interested she was in things pertaining to literature. She was..."

"I knew it! I knew it was some-

"—And I'll fix you a nice hot supper and bring it over here. You have to start eating, have to carry on the best you can—"

With pleasure swelling in my chest, I watched her go. It was a hard decision she made, there on the sidewalk. A part of her wanted to run across the street and tell Ada James in person. On the other hand there was her telephone. And if she told Ada James first wouldn't Ada be on the phone telling people before she could get back home and tell them herself? And it was *her* story. The telephone won out.

I went back inside and poured myself my fourth drink of the day. Let her—let them—think it was cancer. What the hell. It was Mrs. Hedger's assumption. And I hadn't lied. There was something internally wrong with Doreen that she couldn't face. It was James Bowers' baby. The one that I had never been able to father for her.



The inexpensive,
carefree life of the
art colony is fine...
until the
tourists show up

Art Colony Blues by CLARK COLLINS

IT WASN'T VERY LONG ago that if you were old enough to grow a beard and could afford a pair of denims and a beret, you could stick a sketch pad under your arm and hitchhike to the nearest art colony and go to hell in your own way, having a lot of fun in the process.

There was Woodstock, up in the Catskill Mountains, Greenwich Village on Manhattan, Cape Cod, Provincetown, the French Quarter in New Orleans, Laguna Beach, just south of L.A., Carmel, north in California, Taos, in New Mexico. Those were the big ones but there were plenty of others spotted all over the country.

There never was and isn't any special requirement for the location of an art colony, but invariably cheapness of living and attractiveness of surroundings were basic. Good climate was also usually an item, if for no other reason than that most artists couldn't afford heat, that is unless you were living in some area where you could take the old hatchet out and chop your own wood.

You could rent yourself a cold water flat in the Village for peanuts or a cabin on the Maverick road, near

Woodstock, would set you back as little as \$15 a month, and sometimes landlord Harvey White didn't bother to come around to collect. An old art colony man himself, he'd occasionally even, if he knew you were on your uppers, come around with a basket of groceries, just to keep you working at whatever art it was you were trying to break into.

You wore denims or corduroys, along with chambray shirts, for everything from parties to going to the local little theatre, and looked out of place if you wore anything better than that.

Food consisted of a lot of hamburgers, or franks and beans, or if things were really tight, split pea soup. Liquor was cheap too. Up in the northwest it was usually bootleg applejack, or in the southwest, red wine which you bought by the gallon. Nobody had any money, so nothing more was expected. What's wrong with red wine, for God's sake?

Don't think it wasn't fun. During the day you took your crack at music, poetry, painting, sculpturing, writing, acting, or whatever, and in the evenings you got together and sat around

beating the breeze and trying to time with the blonde who made a way modeling — and sleeping — on kind of an amateur-pro basis. There wasn't enough work for her.

The people you were associated with weren't interested in whether you were going to take the series, or whether not Dick Tracy would get the lead the moon, they had ideas to exchange. You did a lot of shouting in the arguments.

And along about two in the morning, since it was winter and cold, you tried to swing a deal with the blonde to help keep the bed warm.

Does it sound pretty good?

Well, it was good.

Trouble is these art colonies go through a cycle. The first one I present writer lived in was Woodstock, the second the French Quarter and the third Taos. The same thing happened to all three.

It starts off an art colony, as a place to live as a struggling artist can find. But pretty soon the place is full of bohemians, the homos, the well-known hangers-on of the artistic set, the zeroing-in. They just love to hang around artists, celebrities, intelle-



- whatever they are

They buy up local property and build swank homes. Pretty soon somebody puts up an expensive bar-nightclub, and somebody else builds a hotel. A supermarket devoted to selling souvenirs to tourists. A national magazine or so does up an article on the tohemian life.

For you know it the place is expensive and your friends are leaving. The word is: The new place to move is Taos in the Rockies

You can believe this, but when your friend went to Taos he bought a house for exactly \$400. Three years later he sold it to a couple of young artists and decided they simply couldn't live without an artistic atmosphere for \$2400. Taos was already shot and it was a matter of moving on.

Like we say, that was only a few years ago.

Art colonies in the States today are a thing of the past - if you're using the definition above. However, that doesn't mean they've disappeared.

They've just moved abroad to

where the same circumstances apply that formerly did at home

Possibly the nearest major art colony now is in San Miguel de Allende, in the Mexican State of Guanajuato, a few hundred miles south of the border. The town's got all the old requirements. About 6,500 feet in altitude, nestled in a small valley, and in the tropics, the weather is such that it's never so hot in summer but that you can't wear a sport jacket, and never so cold in winter that you need more.

In rainy season, the rain comes down very politely two hours every day, during siesta hours. You could set your watch by it. It's unlikely that there's a raincoat or umbrella in town. Who goes out during siesta?

San Miguel is a Spanish colonial town, and a Mexican national monument because of its beauty. There are no neon signs in town, nor any other kind. It's illegal. The streets are cobblestone, and the 14 churches go back to the times of the Spanish. It's picturesque as all hell.

It really started becoming an art colony when the G.I. Bill, following the Second War, allowed thousands

of former soldiers to take a crack at one of the arts. The *Instituto Allende* started up in an old monastery, and some of the best artists in North America were selected as teachers. The *Instituto* is still going today although the students are more apt to be fairly well-heeled retirees from Douche, Iowa, than young yearners wanting to break into painting, music or writing.

However, San Miguel hasn't gone to pot as an art colony as yet.

Ten years ago, you could rent a house or apartment for fifteen dollars, hire a maid for six bucks a month, get loaded when that was required by buying drinks for 8c a throw in the local bars, and in general, get by for from \$50 to \$100 a month - nicely.

But that was yesteryear

Today it'll cost you roughly double. You can still rent an apartment in the Palomar Apartments on San Francisco for about \$40.00 a month. That includes all furnishings, including linens and dishes, and utilities. Living room with fireplace, two bedrooms, kitchen and bath.

A *criada* (maid) comes to about

- turn the page

COLONY, from page 59

\$20.00 a month, and there's no use thinking you can do without one. A *criada* is everything from interpreter, shopper, cook, bargainer for lower prices, to a bed companion if you're single. In the latter case, she's known as a sleeping-*criada*, but the pay seldom differs.

The local hangout is the *Cucara*, located right on the main square. Sooner or later, anybody in the foreign colony or the arts shows up there.

At the *Cuke* a two-ounce slug of tequila will set you back 10c American, a bottle of beer, and Mexican beer is the best in the world, 16c, a martini or other mixed drink, the same.

You can beat that in other bars that don't particularly cater to the American. At the *Inferno*, over near the market, tequila is still one peso (eight cents) a drink and a Mexican size drink is roughly three times what you get in the States and more.

However, most drinking is done at home. Local entertainment leans heavily on getting together and shooting the breeze over Viet Nam and the Dominican Republic, over Cuba and China, over Civil Rights and the New Left, over modern art, or the disappearance of it, over Norman Mailer and John O'Hara; over Bill Burroughs, of *Naked Lunch* fame, and eating peyote or taking L.S.D. It's possible to get TV reception, but the present writer can honestly say he doesn't know of a single member of the foreign colony who has a set. Some of the Mexicans do, but not the artists.

Drinking at home can be so cheap that entertainment is no problem. A half-dozen friends drop in and start working away at your liquor, and you couldn't care less. Tequila, when you buy it in five-liter (slightly more than a quart) jugs, sells for 88c a liter. Top Bacardi rum is about half again as much as gin and vodka. Mexican rum, gin and vodka are as good as any in the world.

Food, by American standards, is cheap, if you eat Mexican style, rather than American. That is, if you shop in the market, rather than buy canned goods or frozen, in the town's one supermarket. Fruits and vegetables are dirt cheap and there is nothing like the tree-ripened oranges, the ripe pineapples, the avocados, the papayas, in the northern countries.

What do you do with your time besides sit around enjoying lubricated conversation of an evening? *Tabuada*, a hot springs swimming pool, is a short distance out of town. You can

swim there every day in the year. There are two pools, one so blisteringly hot that you have to lower yourself into it inch by inch—fabulous for hangovers. The other is king-size and although always warm, you can enjoy the swim.

The local movies almost always run American films, often revivals of classics. The films are in English, with Spanish subtitles.

There's a local English language library with a surprising selection of books. The thing is that everytime some American goes back to the States, or a retiree dies, the library inherits his books. It piles up. It's one of the best American libraries this writer has ever seen outside the bounds of the United States.

The *Instituto* runs courses in every art you've ever heard of and a few others. Handicrafts, too, from pottery to handlooms. Or you can study Spanish there. The school is a branch of the *University of Guanajuato* and you can obtain a Master's degree.

You can rent horses, at low prices by American standards, and take out over the countryside on such projects as amateur archeology. It's recently been discovered that the Toltec Indians originated in this area before heading south. There are pyramids and other ruins, and a multitude of graves continually being found. If you put the snatch on some pottery or other artifacts, or buy them from a peon who dug them up in his field, the Mexican government takes a dim view if they catch you. It doesn't seem to stop anybody.

Oh, there's lots to do in an art colony besides work.

But frankly, San Miguel isn't the ideal colony it once was. In fact, a lot of the old gang are beginning to drift over to Europe, largely to Spain, though Greece and Italy are still in the running, as is Tangier, Morocco.

A few years ago, the big Spanish art colony was Torremolinos, on the Costa del Sol, a stretch running from Gibraltar about a hundred miles north to Malaga. Torremolinos was a picturesque fishing town about eight miles south of Malaga, which in itself is one of the most beautiful cities in Andalusia.

When the present writer went to Torremolinos in 1956, he first stopped at the *Beatriz Pension*, room and three meals came to 50 pesetas (you get sixty pesetas for a dollar now, but in those days you only got 48). And *Beatriz* had the best cook in town. You had to buy your own wine to go with your meals, and that set you back 10c a liter, which is slightly more than a quart.

The trouble was, a room in the

Beatriz wasn't big enough to do more entertaining so a villa was found, with bedrooms, extensive gardens, beautiful view out over the Mediterranean for \$18 a month.

It was a great town, and as formal as you can get. And some of the farthest-out characters going around. You sat down at *Mano*, a sidewalk cafe for a white wine and some cold shrimp (3c a glass for wine, and the shrimp came free) next to you was Count Felix Luckner, the *Sea Devil* of World War One fame, who raided allied ships in a windjammer. Behind you was Baron Wrangel, without his Habsburg away shirt eyepatch. Two tables down were Hollywood's Mischa Auer and Paul Lukas, who didn't bother to wear his toupee or live up to his reputation as one of the best-dressed in movies. There were no drooping tourists around to bother people with autographs.

But that was the good old days. *Holiday* did a piece on Torremolinos and it started getting into all the travel guides. Before you knew it was booming like the French Riviera and you couldn't rent a closet for what you used to pay for a ten-room villa.

It was the same old story all over again. Most of the gang wandered off to Tangier, over in Morocco where anything goes, anything. Some drifted to Positano, just south of Naples in Italy, although Italian prices are on the high side for colonies. A few made it to Greece and such islands as Rhodes, possibly the most beautiful island resort in the Mediterranean.


And—none of the gang's going to love me for this—a sizeable number moved down the coast about twenty-five miles to Fuengirola.

Which is what we've been leaning up to all this time.

So if you're old enough to grow a beard, and can afford a pair of denims, a beret and a sketch pad, this is what you do.

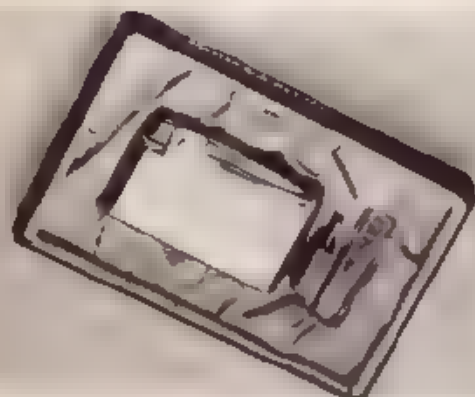
You can't hitchhike any longer, less than \$150 will buy you a passage on the Yugoslavian Lines from New York to Tangier. A ferry takes you across to Gibraltar for about ten bucks. Another two bucks will get you by bus to Fuengirola.

Drift into the *Quitepenas* where a glass of wine will set you back one peseta (1.6c) and mention the fact that you're looking around for a cheap house or apartment near the beach.

For crissake, don't tell them that I sent you, everybody's trying to keep this art colony a secret. 

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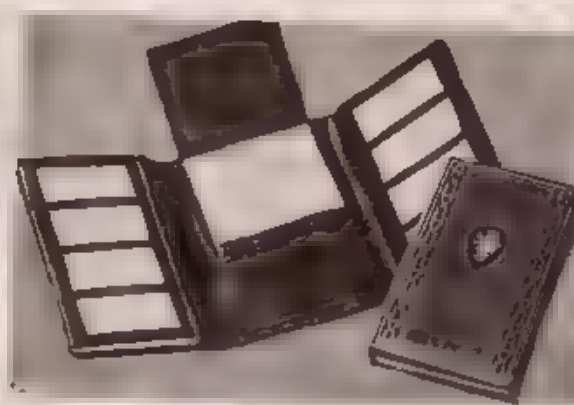
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The farewell party was so wild, he almost missed the journey

THEY'RE SINGING 'BON VOYAGE,' BUT NOT FOR ME

by D. G. LLOYD

THE NEXT TIME you're planning to pop off to Europe for a fortnight or so, take a piece of free advice from me. Don't tell your friends.

I'd write that down, if I were you. It's the best tip you'll get, re Europe.

Currency, customs, language and luggage; all these can be dealt with. Friends cannot.

In fact, whether you're going for a fortnight or a year my advice is the same. Keep your cruise clandestine. The only exception I can

— turn the page





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VOYAGE, from page 63

think of is deportation. I'm not sure I'd make an exception then, either.

Friends all have the same reaction when they learn you're wooing the passport office. First they're envious, and second they're helpful. Envy you can live with, but help will scuttle your departure faster than a declaration of war.

Helpful friends fall into two categories: those who've been abroad and those who haven't. The former may offer a few sound pieces of advice. The latter will offer a hundred.

But even if you transit those preliminary shoals, the big iceberg still lies dead ahead. This is where veteran voyagers shout "Mayday" and reach for the collision alarm. I'm referring to the bon voyage party. SOS in any language!

When I consider bon voyage parties, I'm awed Columbus got across. You may think the Atlantic Ocean is the only thing lying between you and the sunny shores of St. Tropez. You couldn't be more wrong. The crossing is an anticlimax to the hour that precedes it. If you can get to sea, it's all down hill from there.

A bon voyage party is the Moment of Truth. Your bags are packed, your bunk made up, your dramamine at the ready. It's now or never. Only an inspired, last-ditch effort by your buddies can torpedo you. Invariably, they rise to the challenge.

Please don't get me wrong. I think a good pre-sailing bash is *de rigueur* on someone else's ship. Some of my happiest memories stem from launching pals into the salty realm of tax-free cigarettes. Some of my happiest losses of memory do, too.

But when next it comes my turn to cross that three-mile limit, let there be no weeping and no streamers, either. The vaccination is on the other arm, then. It's dark glasses and up-anchor at dawn, under an assumed name, for baby, I've learned my lesson.

I say "when next it comes my turn." You may surmise, correctly, that I carp from experience. I carp, as it happens, not from one experience but several, each more traumatic than the last. Just as a grisly example, let me tell you about that last . . .

IN RETROSPECT, I THINK my greatest goof was letting George Norton know I was going. Norton is the kind of friend I cherish at a distance. And only at a distance. He's a practical joker and a real card, Norton, and he often writes me funny letters. I wish I could keep our *camaraderie* purely postal.

But rendered overconfident by imminent departure, I had to phone

him. It seemed safe enough. The sailing was at four p.m. on Tuesday. called him Monday night.

"I'm off to the Continent tomorrow afternoon," I said, laying on the casualness a bit. "I just wanted to say goodbye."

"What time's the party?" said Norton.

I fought off waves of panic. "A few people may drop by the ship around three," I said, "but I suppose that's an awkward time for you, so I just called to say —"

"I'll be there at noon. Count on me. Wouldn't miss it!"

My heart did the bathysphere bit. "Listen George —" I said. But he hung up.

Frankly, Norton's not the sort of person I want my friends to meet. I'm not being snobbish. Norton isn't someone I'd want anyone's friends to meet. But then, I hadn't wanted to give a party, either.

Until a week before I'd played it cool. I'd told no one. All my calls to travel agents had been from pay phones. The pamphlets I brought home were burned as soon as I had read them. My Berlitz records were covered with Lawrence Welk jackets so no one would pick them up.

Then I made one slip. Breaking the habit of a lifetime at lunch one day I sprang for the drinks — and accidentally spilled some shillings on the tray. The game was up. (And it served me right.) Within five minutes the news was promulgated and the party planned. And now I'd made second blunder, and Norton would be there. Oh well, I thought: That would serve them *all* right.

Norton didn't really come at noon. He arrived on the pier, outside the fence that separates the wayfarers from the seafarers, as we were lined up to present our tickets. Norton has an irrepressible sense of humor, and could barely wait to exercise it. He did wait, though, till I was right before the examining officer's desk. Then he hailed me.

"Lloyd!" he hissed. "You swine! That was her pension money you mom put up for the bail."

The officer, a burly military type glanced up. I didn't. I concentrated on the forms in front of me with all my might. Only the hairs on the back of my neck stirred. Norton persisted.

"Hey," he called, "you look perfect. Not a trace. The pancake flour really covers up those measles."

The examining officer cleared his throat. I looked up and smiled feebly. He didn't smile back. I cleared my throat. He cleared his throat. I went back at the forms like a speedwriter. He made a minute inspection of my passport.

"Which suitcase has the dynamite?" asked Norton.

A nearby whistle gave a sudden blast. The officer dropped my passport. I broke my pencil. We were off to a smashing start.

Each gangway to the ship, on sailing day, has two entrances. The one for passengers is unobstructed. The other leads past a desk where visitors "may donate fifty cents to the Service and Recreation Fund if they choose." If they choose to get on board, that's another story. And gauging the depth of my pocket, I felt confident that

...all. They swept ... two, as though the ... were rising. Judging by the ... set me when I found A 54 ... the S. & R. Fund

you getting enough to drink?"

"Never touch it," said Carruthers or Keck, who clearly had been touching it all afternoon. "Never." He rocked on his heels and beamed.

"This is Sinclair Peck," said Norton, returning with another candidate. "He makes things with his hands."

"How do you do?" I said.

"I don't," said Peck, irritably. "He made that up."

"I'm Carruthers," said Keck. "You'll have to speak up. It's awfully noisy in here."

"This is Winslow Breck," said Norton, bringing in a new member. "He's a retired Kamikaze pilot."

And so it went. Norton had a cheery word for everyone. In quick succession he introduced me to a trumpet cleaner, an ex-pirate, and a

the blonde.

"Have another try," urged her date, passing her a fresh bottle.

"Remember the Maine!" shrieked a redhead, apparently under the impression that the steward was of Spanish extraction.

"I don't think that's a good subject to raise," I said tentatively. It was too late. Norton had taken up the cry.

"Remember the Titanic!" he shouted. "Remember the Lusitania!"

"Remember the Andrea Doria!" shouted the blonde cheerfully.

An uneasy murmuring arose from the adjacent compartments. Three stewards and an assistant purser appeared in the doorway, imploring us to drop the issue. Norton grabbed the officer.

"This is Harmon Fleck," he announced. "He has gold stripes on his sleeve."

Two dozen guests had formed a snake chain, and they now headed down the passageway to the tune of "It Was Sa-ad When That Gre-eat Ship Went Down, cha-cha-cha." Several of them carried empty bottles on which they blew, to simulate distress whistles.

"Please!" begged another officer, arriving on the scene. He stood in our doorway wringing his hands.

"Isn't it true that all these tubs should be condemned?" demanded the blonde, who looked as if she should be, herself.

"The lifeboats are rotten, the lifeboats are rotten," chanted the snake chain, coming around a bend.

"Hello," said a brisk type, who slipped in followed by two photographers. "We're from the Ocean Press. Get some good ones, boys."

There was a fusillade of flashbulbs. I blinked and shied in the glare.

"There must be some mistake," I said.

"Not at all," said the brisk type. "I understand you're taking a petition to The Queen to have prostitution legalized in Great Britain."

"No!" I protested. "No!"

"Ah-ah," chuckled the man, wagging a finger at me. "Don't play coy, Mr. Geck. We got the whole story from your brother."

I looked around frantically for Norton. He had temporarily disappeared. My "brother!" The snake chain went by the door, singing a new lyric to Farmer In The Dell: "The foghorn doesn't work, the foghorn doesn't work, hi-ho the derry-o..."

I tried to seek refuge on my bunk, but was horrified to find it had disappeared also. Someone had released the catch on the upper, and it had swung down, trapping thirty or forty people under it. The worst part was, they had the champagne with them.

- turn to page 66



"See, I always told you he was a no good, two-timing rat, sis."

... have been in my debt for over ... dollars. I was deeply moved.

54 was not what you would call ... 122 cubic inches, I be- ... the deck plan said. Perhaps it ... feet. It didn't really matter ... the club and three ... Hollywood Bowl

... at last since I could spot at ... later I dis- ... Fortuna- ... tro-

... hand- ... genti- ... was ... in f

man who bred gorillas for show. Meanwhile twenty-eight new guests arrived, several glasses shattered, a charades match was started, and two coeds from Scranton passed out in the shower.

I fought my way back to where a battalion of strangers were clustered on my bunk, playing a game. First they would press a red button on the bulkhead. Then they would shake up a bottle of champagne, pre-sight, and plunk the steward with the cork as he looked in the door. They had grown extremely accurate with practice.

"The only good steward is a dead steward," screamed a disheveled blonde thickly. POP!! WOOSH. Another steward bit the deck, or nearly, as the cork sniped his earlobe. "Somebody joggled my elbow," complained

VOYAGE, from page 65

However, when I got the bunks apart, no one inside seemed to have noticed. They had their own party going, and a quartet was happily chorusing "A-54, Where Are You?" All I got for my pains was a champagne cork in the teeth.

"Good shot Betsy," chortled an unpleasant-faced young man who seemed to be wearing an Inverness cape.

"Someone juggled my elbow," sulked Betsy, "or I'd have gotten his eye."

"Serves him right," said the man in the cape, which I now recognized as the bed spread. "I hate crashers."

The photographers had gone, so I squirmed through to the door again. I remembered that I was supposed to see the purser before sailing, to arrange for seating in the dining room. When I emerged, however, Norton ambushed me.

From somewhere he'd unscrewed a funnel, and using it as a megaphone had lined up scores of passengers. "All right," he bellowed, "here he is. Keep the line moving, please. Have your money ready."

"Two!" said a fat man, thrusting money in my hand. "In the sun."

"Four!" said the woman behind him.

"Four what?" I stammered.

"Deck chairs," snapped the man.

"And make sure they have lap robes," said the woman.

"KEEP THE LINE MOVING, PLEASE," urged Norton.

Coward that I am, I dropped their cash and fled. No doubt Norton picked it up again. For my part, I didn't stop until I'd put two decks between me and the crowd. Then I sought the purser and requested a dining room billet.

"First or second sitting?" he asked, plucking his mustache.

I paused. Everyone seemed to have strong views on this point, except me. Having tried both, I could see no difference. "What do most people prefer?" I asked.

"I'd say your best bet was definitely second sitting," he said, yawning.

"Really? Why?"

"Lets you sleep late."

"Good."

"Also leaves more time for the bar before dinner."

"Great," I said. "I'll take it."

"Sorry," he said scratching himself.

"Should have come sooner. Only have first sittings left."

I signed up and trudged back to my cabin. While still some distance away, I began to meet swarms of passengers carrying furniture. Many were running.

"What's up?" I asked.

"Ship's sinking," puffed a fat little man carrying a chair. "Just got the

word."

"We're all supposed to throw ballast overboard," explained his wife, struggling under a mattress. "To lighten it."

"Now just a damn minute," I said. I hope it won't be felt I lack a sense of humor. I enjoy a gag as much as the next guy, *except* when the next guy is George Norton. But this time I felt he'd gone too far. Shoving ballast-bearers aside, I raced down the passageway.

"Keep calm, folks," shouted Norton as I skidded to a stop. "Here's the First Mate. He'll take charge here. Don't worry, you're in good hands now." He handed me the megaphone and went off to start a cockroach scare in the saloon.

"All right folks," I said, rising to the situation. "You can secure all ballast. Thank you for your cooperation. The drill went splendidly. Next, there'll be a shuffleboard tournament starting on the after deck in five minutes."

I turned and walked to my cabin. Dodging a cork, I stuck the megaphone inside.

"Now hear this," I screamed. "Now hear this: FIRE! Fire in the powder magazine. Fire in the fuel tanks. Fire under cabin A-54. Abandon ship! That is, ABANDON SHIP! Remember Pearl Harbor!"


They went. All of them. Like rats. And when the last had vanished up the passageway, fumbling with the ties on his life jacket, I slipped inside and bolted the door.

The door stayed bolted until the first gentle motion of the deck told me we were underway. Even then I took no chances. Norton would risk a pretty long swim for a joke. I didn't step outside that cabin until the Statue of Liberty was ten miles astern. And I didn't go on deck till dark.

The rest of the cruise was lovely. The food proved delicious and plentiful, especially at first sitting, and the liquor was cheap. The sun shone warm and the sea stayed gentle.

Two days later I accidentally loosened the upper bunk, and a blonde with a champagne bottle rolled out. She was warm and gentle, too, and we got to be fast friends. But the customs people wouldn't let me keep her.

Norton apparently got ashore. At least, I didn't hear from him again that voyage. Still, nothing that happened subsequently altered the decision I arrived at then. I may have mentioned it before, but I'll repeat it just for emphasis.

The next time I'm planning to pop off to Europe for a fortnight or so . . . Well, you get the message. 


DEAR ADAM

THAT LORNA GIRL

In your May issue of ADAM I especially liked the water scene of Lorna Maitland from the movie *Mud Honey*.

I have read several articles on her but I have never seen her measurements given. Also, could you tell me if she is married, where she lives now and what films she has appeared in? I think your fine magazine could do well by running a four or five page spread on her!


Williard L. Blackman Jr.
Springfield, Va.

 Lorna Maitland has appeared in the movies *Lorna* and *Mud Honey* as well as in nightclubs on the West Coast. As far as we know she is not married. Her measurements are 40-24-36 and we are working on the pictorial idea.

MORE RENA HORTEN FANS

As far as I am concerned Rena Horten is the most sensational cover girl I've ever seen on ADAM and I've seen every one of them. How about featuring her on the cover again soon? No need to wait until she is selected as your cover girl of the year is there?


Dave Stewart
Little Rock, Ark.

 No, Dave, there isn't. So don't miss next month's ADAM!

I just saw the film *Mud Honey* and I think Hollywood—at last—has found a replacement for the late Marilyn Monroe. And I do mean the "sensational" Rena Horten.

Could you possibly tell me where I can write her? Is she married? Any other information about her will be appreciated.

Len Dross
New Orleans, La.

 Beautiful Rena Horten was born in Berlin, Germany. Her measurements are 38-24-36 and she's featured in a new Universal picture called *Out of Sight*. You may write her in care of Universal City Studios, North Hollywood, California.

MEN VS. WOMEN

Your article in the June issue of ADAM, "What Men Do To Women" should be entitled "What Women Do To Men." Maybe some men do drive their wives to cheat but on the other hand some women drive their husbands to cheat. And I should know.

Name Withheld
San Diego, Calif.

Boy would I like to tell that Georgie Starbuck Galbraith, who wrote "What Men Do To Women" in the June ADAM, where to get off. What makes her think she's such an expert on men anyway?

Thomas H. Kemp
Hollywood, California

 We'll ask her!

HE LIKES EVE

Your ADAM's EVE for June, Rita Butler, is sensational. I don't think I have ever seen a more interesting group of photographs in a magazine than the ones taken of her by Andre de Dienes. I have been a professional photographer for several years and I take my hat off to a photographer who can use the camera with such artistry.

Ben Saunders
Boston, Mass.

**COMING
UP IN
THE
NEXT
ADAM**



RENA HORTEN REVISITED

Her face graced our May cover, this beautiful German girl who has created a sensation in Hollywood and has become known as "that Mud Honey Girl". . . and our readers are still writing us about that cover. Next month Rena will be on the cover again, becoming the second girl in the history of ADAM to appear on our cover twice in one year (June Wilkinson was the other). And we'll devote several pages to Rena inside the next ADAM!

THOSE STALKING GERMAN GIRLS

The German female has become the sex symbol of Europe, stalking the continent, prowling for wild scenes. You'll learn all about them in the next ADAM.

THE TOMBS OF THE MOVING DEAD

A strange true tale of bodies that won't stay buried!

plus: a wild lineup of fiction by CON SELLERS, WILLIAM E. SPRAGUE and THOMAS H. SCHULZ.

and: Girls, natch. Besides Rena Horten there is a fine lineup of beauties . . . like Maritza, the smouldering Italian lovely pictured here . . . You have a date with them next month!



RAQUEL WELCH, star of the elaborate science fiction film, **THE FANTASTIC VOYAGE**, is **ADAM's** cover girl this month. The lovely (37-23-36) Miss Welch plays a lady doctor who, along with her peers, is reduced to microscopic size and injected into the bloodstream of a famous doctor to perform a delicate brain operation **FROM THE INSIDE**.



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